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APRIL 15, 1968

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
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AVEDON

COVER: Jean Shrimpton in a new rôle—the 18th-century heroine, as Romney might have painted her—all mauvy-pink and creamy-white skin, fine as English porcelain, with delicious tendrils curling around the bowed turban. . . . A romance furthered by this-minute beauty makers from Yardley: gleaming Pink Frost Face Slicker Stick and a shimmer of Mauve Ode on the lips. Coiffure: Ara Gallant. Adolfo turban and Chester Weinberg's three-quarter-length dress in matching cotton voile by Stoffel-Galey & Lord. (More about it—and more 18th-century heroine looks starring Jean Shrimpton—page 56.)

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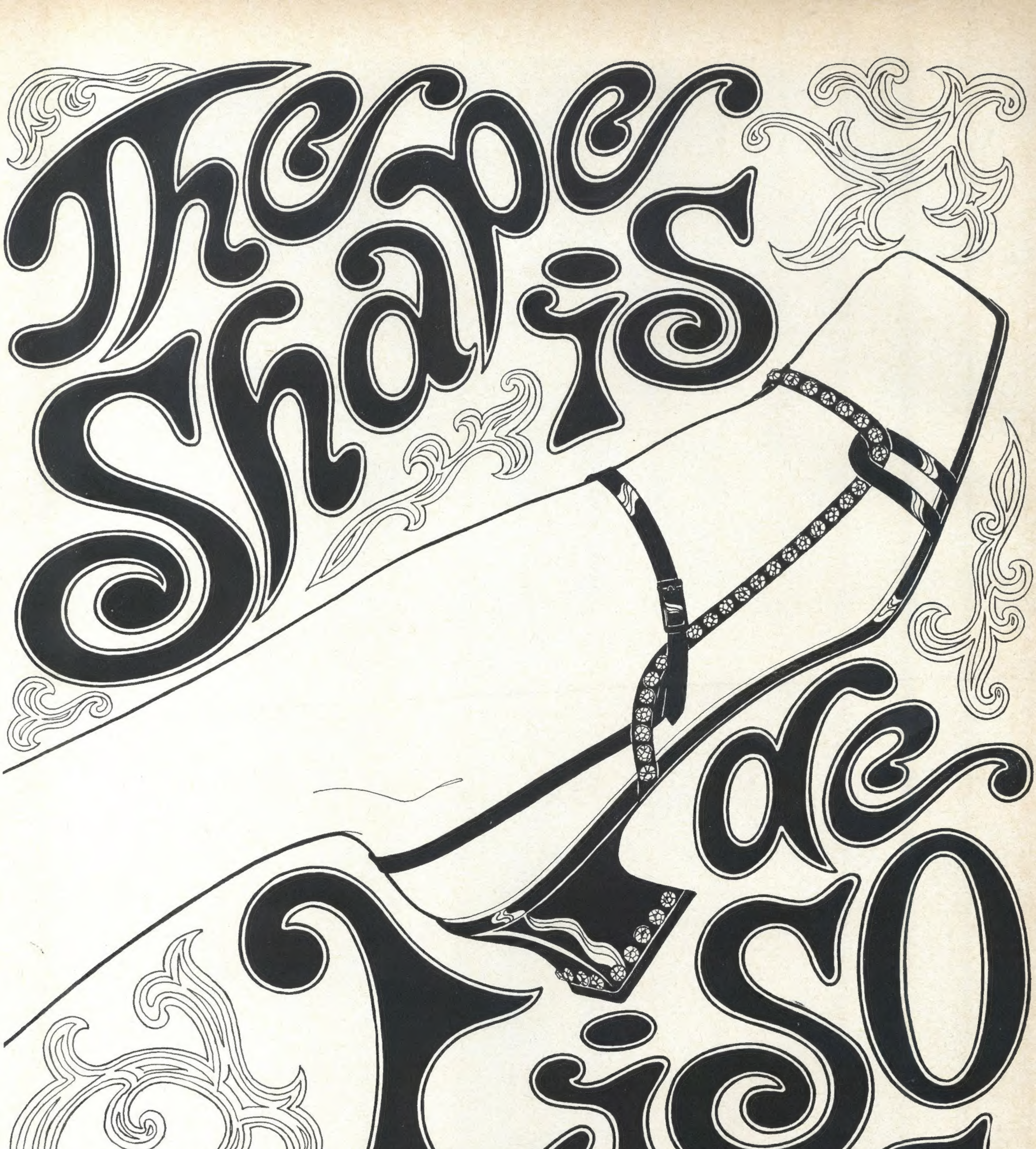
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Right: Bold flower print shirt in black-white-yellow *(V-6)* 19.00. With welterweight sleeveless top in yellow *(V-7)* 12.00. White double-knit pullon slacks *(V-8)* 16.00

8 to 16. Sportswear, 4th Floor

Opposite Page: Paisley print dress with stitched mandarin collar and placquet. To belt or not. Pink-lilac-gold *(V-9)* 36.00

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

April 15

The name-game—played with Cadogans

To play the name-game, you might as well start with a good one. Such as William, 1st Earl of Cadogan, Viscount Caversham, Baron Cadogan of Oakley. He also happened to be one of the finest officers in the annals of British military history, succeeding the Duke of Marlborough as commander-in-chief of the army during George I's reign—and most importantly (for our purposes, anyway) *he's* the man who gave his name to one of the big-namiest coiffures now going. Namely, the Cadogan—hair pulled back off the face and held at the nape by a bow, a barrette, a whatever . . . according to Our Girl in Paris. Counting heads at Maxim's one evening she toted up: Princesse Ghislaine de Polignac, Comtesse Michel de Ganay, the Duchess of Windsor, Maria Callas, la Comtesse de Chavagnac, Madame Edmond Bory, and the wife of the Israeli Ambassador to France, Mrs. Walter Eytan—*all* of them Cadoganed. By Alexandre. He does many different versions, some with black or brown taffeta or grosgrain bows for day, some with ribbon to match each dress for evening, some with flowers, some with Spanish combs, some with your own hair, some with half-wigs or pieces. The Duchess of Windsor's is a half-wig with a low, flat horizontal figure-eight at the nape—the way Saint Laurent shows it this spring. Maria Callas has Alexandre's swallow-nest Cadogan filled with black flowers. Princess Grace of Monaco owns several blond variations. Mrs. Walther Moreira Salles wears the current Chanel shape: a turned-in pony tail wrapped by a big bow. Madame Bernard Lanvin's own long thick hair is worked into a Cadogan bun for evening. Mrs. Richard Burton has every known version of the Cadogan. Alexandre also Cadogans the Marchioness of Blandford and Madame Jean-Noël Grinda. Baronne Philippe de Rothschild and Baronne Guy de Rothschild are expected to join the Cadogan regiment soon. And once the sun turns on at the beaches, there'll be everybody Alexandre can name wearing his summer-*long* Cadogan: soft curls spilling down the back and held at the nape by a big rectangular barrette. Carita feels, as Alexandre does, that the look of the head should be small—just a touch of backcombing at the crown—and does just that for Principessa Dolores Ruspoli, Madame Philippe de Croisset, Princess Ira Fürstenberg, Madame Oscar de La Renta, Françoise Hardy, Sophia Loren, Mrs. Graham Mattison, Sylvie Vartan, and Madame Alain Delon. Mon dieu, you don't suppose we've left somebody out. . . .?

Don't flip your wig—

Clean it. Fix it. That's the message we got from a friend we bumped into the other spring day—she was ambling along 57th street on her way back from the hospital. Hospital? Turns out to be the new Wig Hospital in Enny's Beauty Salon at 30 West. All our friend's wiglets, falls, curls, and swirls had just been discharged with a clean bill of health. "They're positively shining, they look so well now," she said. Seems Enny's hospital staff are wizards with Vapon. And there are enough internes and resident specialists on the floor to take care of any hairpiece case: reconditioning, recolouring, restyling, readjusting sizes, repairing. There's even an emergency ward where treatment can be administered in a matter of minutes—to a torn base, a broken comb, you name it. "Of course," our heady friend added, "I always launder the Dynel falls myself." And she confided her special Dynel-beauty secret: fabric softener. First, she swooshes the falls around in warm detergent suds, taking care not to tangle the strands. Then she rinses them in plenty of warm water. And *then*, one final swoosh in a mixture of ¼ cup fabric softener and 2 quarts warm water. That last ritual does away with the static electricity which, as any Dynel girl knows, attracts dust and dirt at vacuum speed. The hairpieces stay cleaner and much more manageable—especially if brushed, not combed, between shampoos. All of which rinses right down to: where there's a wig, there's a way. . . .

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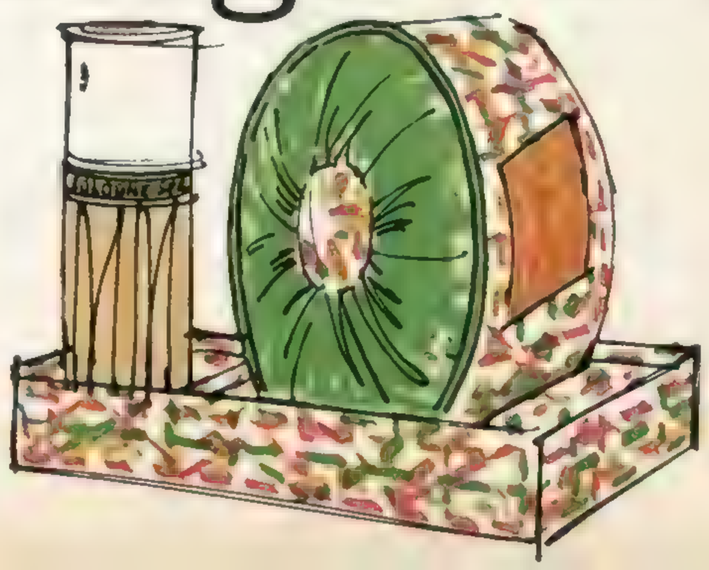
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Leslie Fay and Fabergé travel

Leslie Fay suggests the weskit suit...cool and fresh for hot summer days. In two tone linen type rayon and flax, the waist is belted with a dash of color and the shirt is sheer Dacron® polyester and cotton voile. Light grey, dark grey with white, beige, dark brown with beige, 6-16, about $40.

New in Straw Hat '68...Fabergé's pamper-you bath sets. Packaged without a trace of innocence for gift giving or getting. The expected Fabergé bonus is the handy, reusable, waterproof tray for your vanity. Straw Hat Spray Bath Set (shown) complete $6. Straw Hat Bath Set 1 oz. Cologne and Bath Powder, complete $5.

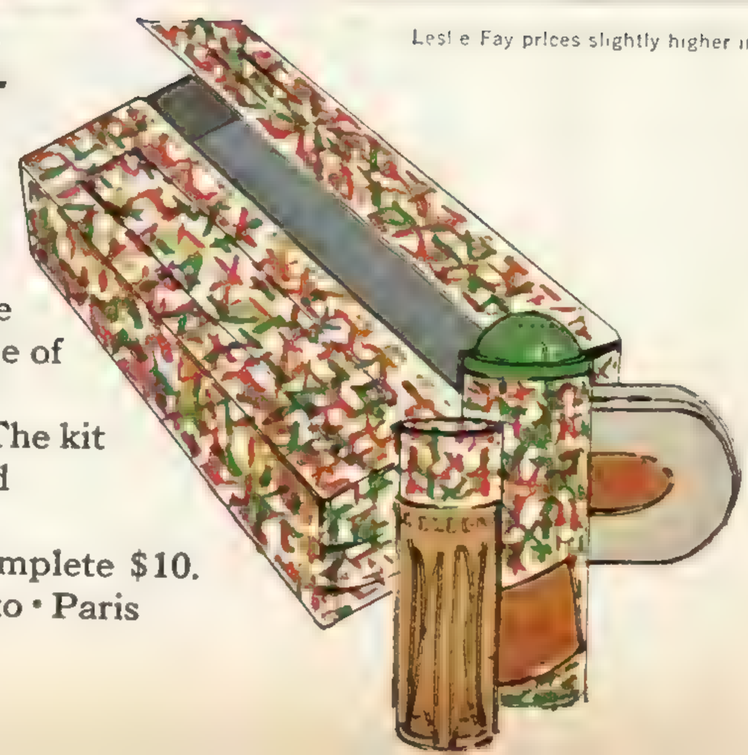


the Straw Hat Circuit

The pretty romantic shirt dress as Leslie Fay designs it. Fashion news in the softly ruffled black top in sharp contrast to the sun-washed pastel skirt. Dacron® and cotton voile with linen type rayon and flax.
Black with blue, pink or mint, 6-16, about $33.
For stores carrying these fashions, write Leslie Fay, 1400 Broadway, New York 10018.

New in Straw Hat '68...Fabergé favors the travelling girl with a compact carry-all case of fragrance-matched Straw Hat pretties: Cologne, Bath Powder Shaker and Soap. The kit has an anti-calamity waterproof lining and extra room for your own personal travel essentials. Straw Hat Travel Kit, complete $10.
Fabergé, Inc. • New York • London • Toronto • Paris

Leslie Fay prices slightly higher in the West.



Fabergé and Leslie Fay travel

Leslie Fay accents the slim, pulled down silhouette with a belt placed at the hipline and deep front pleats giving motion to the skirt of this go-anywhere checked dress of Arnel® triacetate and cotton. Pink, blue or brown with white, 8-16, about $28.

New in Straw Hat '68...Fabergé's refresher kit. Tucks two Straw Hat Bath Soaps and three revivifying scented washcloths into a go-anywhere waterproof gift case. Straw Hat Travel Towel and Soap Set, complete $4.50.



the Straw Hat Circuit

Travel the summer circuit in Leslie Fay's haberdasher look. Two piece suit dress in snappy checks of Arnel® and cotton seersucker are just right for the gently shaped short jacket, with low belt and easy A-line skirt. Brown, green or grey, 8-18, about $36. For stores carrying these fashions, write Leslie Fay, 1400 Broadway, New York 10018.

New in Straw Hat '68...Fabergé's tote full of fragrance-matched Cologne, Bath Powder Shaker, Bath Soap and Creme Parfum with dispenser. Of course, this spritely carry-all is reusable. Straw Hat Beach Tote, complete $10. Fabergé, Inc.
New York • London • Toronto • Paris

Leslie Fay prices slightly higher in the West.
Handbags: Lederer / Hat: Mr. John





My name is Bertlyn.



Are you putting me on?



My vinyl patent Swiss cheese vamp will make your feet look delicious. And my great new mini-square heel carries the whole thing off. Sizes 5 to 10½. Six dollars. In yellow, black, white or



orange with harmonizing multi-color sock linings. Ask for "Swiss Cheese" (style #1222) in hosiery departments of better stores everywhere. Bertlyn Corp., 411 Fifth Avenue, New York 10016.

FORTREL STIRS



LAURENCE GROSS

Laurence Gross designs the non-boudoir bathwrap. Citified, slim and sleeveless. Cohama's linen-like weave of Fortrel polyester and cotton shuns wrinkles, stays neat in the heat of things. Brick red, green or black with white. 6-16. About $60.* At Lord & Taylor, New York & Branches; Godchaux's, New Orleans; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Jordan Marsh, Florida.

CELANESE FORTREL
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc. Celanese®

*slightly higher west of the Rockies

You can make up your mind before you make up your face.

A cosmetic counter isn't any place to decide how you'll want to look next Thursday.

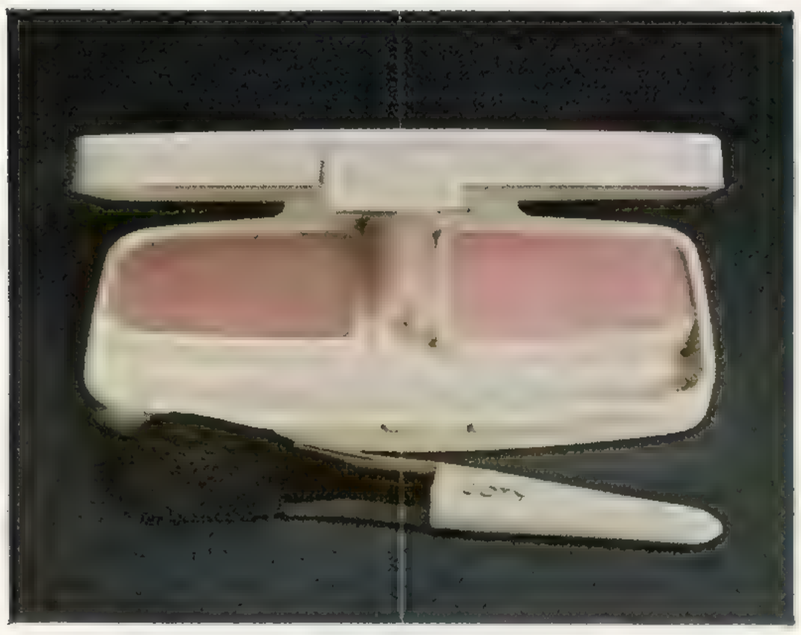
So we put two different blushers in our Blusher Kit.

One is a matte powder. The other is a polished cream.

That means you can choose the look you want, whenever you want it.

Or you can make up your mind, and then change it.

Isn't that just what you've been doing all your life.



Coty Originals.

BLUSHER KIT

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Fashions, Bill Blass... Trimline® phone, your Bell Telephone business office.


BELL SYSTEM
AT&T





Oasis is a momentous new discovery for drying or aging skin. Its precious (and exclusive) ingredient is the rich oil found in the seeds of a rare Australian plant.

Oasis quenches thirsty skin — making it blossom again with youth and vitality. Pale yellow — light creamy texture — a whisper of fragrance that blends with your own—Oasis.

For the first time — truly mini-skin-care. One all-purpose moisturizer to put on before you sleep, for all-night care; and under makeup for all-day. Take it along in your beachbag—it protects your skin from sun and wind.

Oasis vanishes beneath the surface seconds after you feel the first tingle when you apply it. Use Oasis when you see the first hint of dry skin or frightening little lines.

Oasis, a Harriet Hubbard Ayer product, is sold at fine cosmetic counters everywhere. Two ounces for $5. Four ounces for $8.50.

If all this sounds too wonderful, try it. Send one dollar for a ten-day supply to Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Dept. V-1, 730 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

OASIS™
It's no mirage

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Favours, toujours favours

"Several months ago I swore off hair colourings. After a while the colour build-up was just too noticeable. Yet my own hair was crying for some pepping up; its natural ash blond colour has no natural shine or exciting highlights. So, on the recommendation of another experimenter, I tried Shulton's new Tecnique Shampoo-In hair colour in a shade to match my own hair. Found it didn't leave my hair swollen and sticky, *did* leave it more alive, colourwise, than it's ever been before." . . . Among all the favours that beauty scientists have done for us, their achievements in hair colouring are possibly the most spectacular. They've fixed things so we can go from darkest to palest or whitest to brightest and back again. Still most of us, like the girl quoted above, just want to liven matters up a bit or cover grey while staying pretty close to our honest-to-nature shade. And that's the favour Shulton's Tecnique does superbly. Make no mistake, this is the real thing, not a rinse or temporary deal. But it's so mild, so devious in its construction, that its enlivening favours should leave even the most confirmed "I'm a nature girl" type with a clear conscience. . . . The directions, incidentally, are a model of intelligent clarity, anticipating questions, offering hints. And that's perhaps the greatest favour for cautious first-time hair colourists. . . .

Second time around

In the season when young fancy turns recklessly, it is engaging to fall in love all over again with a long-fancied pet. And that's exactly what we see happening to the strong band of Youth-Dew advocates. (We also foretell first-time applicants petitioning for admittance to that club.) Because: for this and the next couple of months, Estée Lauder has done up the very special chemistry of her Youth-Dew fragrance, fifteen ways of it, with beguiling wrappings and trimmings—the Youth-Dew Boutique for Spring. As fresh as a clear brookside morning, white never-never raspberries—growing in an azure field, wrapped in sunny chunks of ribbon—cover very reusable boxes. Enamel show-off bottles of After Bath Friction Lotion and Body Satinée follow a similar raspberry path. . . . A new Youth-Dew travel team, costumed this way, strikes us as excellent equipment to make one's own dressing room or voyage all the bonnier—or to send off another traveller with. Contents: Youth-Dew dusting powder, not only dressed but compactly *pressed* for spring, therefore the neatest of dusters; and a soap heady with Youth-Dew, blue and Art-Nouveau-sculpted, in its own Art-Nouveau plastic luggage. . . .

How Sensitive Plants are dewing

"A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew . . . And the young winds fed it with silver dew." Chances are that if you're a Sensitive Plant, you're forever pursuing Shelley's silver dew—for not only your face, but your hands, for not only the flighty hair on your head but the rebellious skin of your feet. Sensitive here, sensitive *there* is unfortunately the way sensitivity seems to go. . . . Neutrogena's golden-clear soap has been dewing the faces and baths of tender types for some time now, often on the advice of a dermatologist. . . . Now Neutrogena's expanded its sensitive coverage with an "anatomy series," something for *all* of you. Meet Mr. Neutrogena, citrus-scented, man-sized, and abundant of lather and health for himself to lave and shave with. Shake hands with Neutrogena lotion, a greaseless hand-and-body smoother. Say hello to a Neutrogena oil that wears two caps: body oil, bath oil; sesame oil powers it deliciously. Cheer in a solid shampoo with protein, a sprightly-fragranced green version of Neutrogena that looks to subdue fine, dry, whirlaway hair. Take to a liquid lip smoother that fights drying, chapping. . . . Thrive, Sensitive Plants, to the new allover goodness in the Neutrogena corner. . . .

A feeling at least half of us could use

What with half our population twenty-five years or under and the second half spending a lot of time trying to look younger than the first half: how come some of the biggest crowd-pleasers in show biz are on the far side of forty? When we get through arguing, we might agree that 1, they're flexible; 2, they seem to be open to new ideas in fashion, makeup, everything; 3, experience *is* the best teacher. All of which might well be said of Houbigant, one of America's older fragrance companies, friend of avant-garde and old guard alike. Their latest friendly gesture is Satin Smooth body lotion perfumed with Chantilly. Emollients, lanolin, moisturizers, healers, and silicones are part of the act as well as generous doses of Chantilly extract. Add to these delights the fact that Satin Smooth goes on thick, rich, creamy, then promptly sinks in leaving only fragrance and satin. . . . Now maybe that's the secret of the over-forty crowd-pleasers: they make us feel so young.

(More Ready Beauty, page 48)

Non-stop Arnel

check mates for the going girl

via Leslie Fay



Leslie Fay makes fashion's winning move with clever two-piece play. Short-sleeved overblouse tops knife-pleat skirt. Slick sliver of patent whittles the waist. Wullschleger's jersey of Arnel triacetate jumps in and out of the wash—wrinkles go, pleats stay. Op checkerboard print in wide range of colors on white. 8-18. About $32.* At Lord & Taylor, New York; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Hudson's, Detroit; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Joseph Magnin Co., California & Nevada.

CELANESE ARNEL

Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

Celanese® Arnel® *slightly higher on the west coast



Triumph rules the waves

Wavier waves, curlier curls, corkscrewier corkscrews, are madly high fashion.

And Triumph, Helene Curtis' brand new achievement in salon waves, is here. Just in time to help save your hair from just lying there looking limp and lifeless!

You know, each hair on your head is like a chain made up of two kinds of links or bonds. These must be broken in order to wave hair. Triumph, with the great laboratory advance, Perma-Bond, in it, restores the bonds that no neutralizer will restore. At the very same time your hair is being waved!

Triumph has fractionated protein, too. That wonderful conditioner and body builder.

So if you're wild about waves but can't abide breakers, get a Helene Curtis Triumph salon wave. Your hair will look thicker. Shinier. Springier. Will be much more manageable. And will hold its set longer than ever before. Triumphantly!

Remember, if you want your hair to look truly sensational and healthy, your beauty salon is the place that makes it happen.

Triumph salon wave by Helene Curtis



Secret Fulfillment Plunge

GIVES A THIRD DIMENSION

Fashion today says—
be proud, show alluring
curves above the bra!
Achieve a third dimension!
Precisely this is what Secret
Fulfillment Plunge does in a
gentle but persuasive way for
the average and even sub-
average bosoms. Its secret?
Removable push-up pads
underscored with arch-
shaped wires that lift,
support and separate;
all to make the very, very
most of what you have.
Made with loving care
of **Ban-Lon® nylon lace,**
and elasticized with **Lycra®**
spandex. Shown: LOW BACK,
wide off-shoulder straps;
in A cup, 32-36; in B and C
cups, 32-38; brown,
yellow, blue, pink, nude,
red, black or white, $7.
In long-line and corselet.
Also strapless in
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VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN Travel

BY MARY ROBLEE HENRY

SANTO DOMINGO: going place in the Caribbean



The place to go in the Caribbean is the oldest: Santo Domingo. "A wonder, the sierras, mountains, valleys, fields are beautiful . . . you wouldn't believe such bays could exist." Postcard graffiti from a visitor? Yes, from an early one, Christopher Columbus, who discovered Hispaniola.

If Haiti, which shares a third of the island, astonishes by its Frenchness, the Dominican Republic startles by its Spanishness.

The sea spreads like a garden around the city of Santo Domingo, the salted air sweetened by avenues of *Trinitaria*, the national flower that blooms scarlet, violet, and hot pink. Here the sixteenth century nudges the twentieth, and the *Dominicanos*, responsive, proud, and polite, delight in showing the contrasts of their country. Savage, sugary beaches and ten-thousand-foot peaks, fields of sugar cane and pretty fishing villages.

There is nothing of the village about Santo Domingo, which packs all the pleasures of an island in the sun, plus. Everything is new again. The Hotel Embajador Inter-Continental is freshly trigged and air-conditioned, all of its three hundred rooms catch the marbled sea or jungly hills from boxy balconies. A fleet of croupiers man the new casino, more Monte Carlo than Las Vegas with dangling crystal chandeliers. In the Fontana bar guests drink Engañitos—Dominican for Cuba Libres—before sifting into the nightclub. For sun soppers, there is an enormous squiggly pool banded by terraces set with parasoled tables for lunch.

For Santo Domingo flavour, La Fogata serves *arroz con habichuelas*, a spicy mix of rice and kidney beans. At the night place, The Caves of Réné Carrasco, a revved-up troupe performs the *merengue*, the sinuous, sexy Dominican beat danced to drums and brass. A new restaurant, Chantilly, combines the French table with gaming tables, dancing, and a flash of *merengue*.

At the restaurant Lina, the specialties are Spanish and the walls are hung with abstract paintings.

From the air, Santo Domingo looks like a somnolent sea dragon floating in spume. Tracts of sand band the coast, some remote, others easily reached. Boca Chica, for instance, is a half hour's drive from the city, where the Hotel Hamaca puts out all the Caribbean constants: water skiing and scuba diving, and a marina for deep-sea fishing beyond the coral reef guarding the glass-green bay.

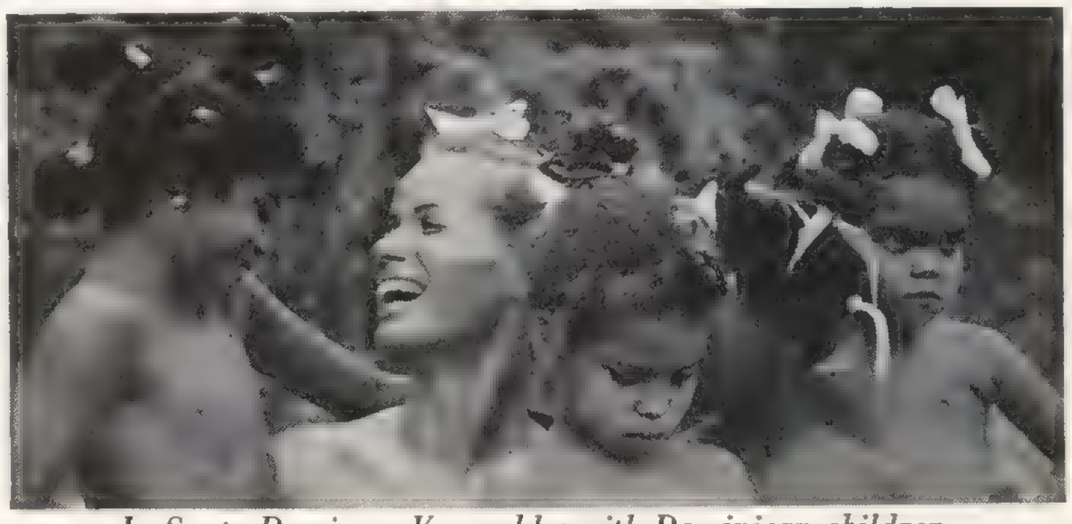
Guayacanes, about an hour from town, is a glorious slab of beach for roughing it and eating lobsters fresh from the sea. There are bars selling rum, and the wife of a fisherman usually offers to cook lunch, serving on a table set in a temple of coconut palms.

A flight crosses the country to the lively seaport of Puerto Plata near the sands of Sosúa, a place to weekend, in bungalows fronting the water. Guests eat well at the main Hotel Long Beach.

Far to the southwest of the city of Santo Domingo at Barahona, there stretches the heavenly beach of Paraíso, which, like most Edens, is fairly unattainable. Veruschka made it for the photographs on pages 120 and 129. If the hotel by the sea is second rate, Paraíso's beach is first. Little boys scamper up palm trunks, lop off coconuts, split them in two. Delicious: coconut milk and rum. Three of Santo Domingo's most inescapable charms are the children, the coconuts, the rums.

And it must be added, Cristobal Colón. In Santo Domingo, his bones are in the sixteenth-century Cathedral of Santa Maria la Menor, which gleams with a carved silver high altar, a Madonna painted by Murillo, and an explosion of jewels. The Alcázar de Colón, the palace for the first viceroy, Don Diego Colón, son of Christopher, is now an extraordinary museum,

(Continued on page 40)



In Santo Domingo, Veruschka with Dominican children.



Julianelli lands "She-Shark" Corfam*

Julianelli launches the season's newsiest shoe view—a new status effect. It's the slick, supple "She-Shark" grain, latest fashion effect in CORFAM. A grandly subtle grain highlighted with a wet-look finish. Here in a peripatetic pump that thrives in any climate. Because CORFAM is the shoe upper material from Du Pont that repels water, wipes gleaming clean, and breathes to aid comfort.

Feel free...you're in Corfam*

JULIANELLI shoe of "She-Shark" CORFAM, about $42, in black, blue and white, available at: Lord & Taylor, New York; Davison Paxon, Atlanta; The Halle Bros., Cleveland; Himelhoch's, Detroit; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; Stewart's, Louisville; Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Swanson's, Kansas City; Joske's Houston.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. for Du Pont's man-made poromeric

DU PONT
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Better things for better living... through chemistry

Fiesta Pajamas—the top, a hot–tempered little print; the bottoms, short and sweet. In Blue Tango or Hot Pepper. Fashioned by Lorraine of Antron* nylon. Ole!

LORRAINE for the RealGirl T.M.

we did it with ANTRON®

SHOWN THE SHORTY PAJAMAS NO. 8221, SIZES 32-38, $10. ALSO AVAILABLE: FIESTA PRINT HALTER SHIFT NO. 8101, SIZES XS-S-M-L, $7. PONCHO COAT NO. 8401, SIZES XS-S-M-L, $13. ALL-PRINT SHIFT NO. 8171, SIZES XS-S-M-L, $9. FIESTA FULL-LENGTH PAJAMAS NO. 8201, SIZES 32-40, $11. COLORS: BLUE TANGO OR HOT PEPPER. (PRICES SUGGESTED RETAIL.) O'BRYAN BROTHERS, INC., CHICAGO, NEW YORK, DALLAS, LOS ANGELES *DuPont Registered Trademark.











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KNOLL INTERNATIONAL OPERATES IN 29 COUNTRIES.

Dacron®. It ought to be a law.

It polishes off wrinkles. As witness this smoothling shirt-look. By Stan Herman for Mr. Mort.



Jet-buttoned, sash-belted shirtdress, in a gleamy new polished chino of Dacron* polyester and cotton. White only. 3-13, 4-14. $45. At Filene's, Boston; Higbee's, Cleveland; Sakowitz, Houston; Bonwit Teller, New York; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast.

*DU PONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT FABRICS OR FASHIONS

DU PONT
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Better things for better living...through chemistry

Santo Domingo

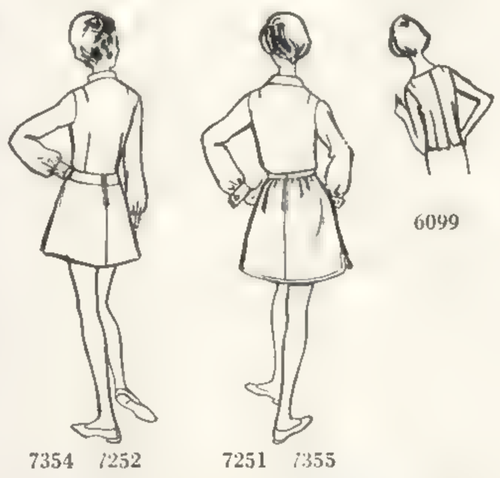
(Continued from page 36)

its vast rooms beautifully restored with paintings, chests, heavily hung beds, and such touching family memorabilia as the shaving mug of Don Diego. The former stables house the National Museum with pre-Columbian artifacts and grotesques made by the vanished Indians.

Another vanishment, the recent turbulence which has given way to impetuous gaiety and the boom of incoming jets. Fresh, flowered, and welcoming, Santo Domingo is now on the upswing. HOW TO GET THERE: Pan American has daily flights from New York and Miami to Santo Domingo; on April 28, more direct flights. From New York, round trip: $285, first class; $198, economy. Seventeen day excursion fares: $215, first class; $155, economy. From Miami, round trip: $192, first class; $126, economy. Seventeen day excursion fares: $125, first class; $91, economy.

Pattern Backs

(Continued from pages 108-109)



Neckband shirt, left, Vogue Pattern 7354, sizes 8-16. Size 12: 2⅜ yds. 45″ fabric. $1. In Canada, $1.10. *Wrapped-look skirt*, left, Vogue Pattern 7252, waist sizes 23, 24, 25½, 27, 29. Size 25½ waist: 1½ yds. 45″ fabric. 75c. In Canada, 85c. *Shirt*, centre, Vogue Pattern 7251, sizes 8-16. Size 12: 2⅜ yds. 45″ fabric. 75c. Canada, 85c. *Dirndl*, centre, Easy to Make Vogue Pattern 7355, waist sizes 23, 24, 25½, 27, 29. Waist size 25½: 1⅞ yds. 45″ fabric. $1. In Canada, $1.10. *Weskit*, right, Vogue Pattern 6099, sizes 10-16. Made double, size 12: 1½ yds. 45″ fabric without nap. 75c. Canada, 85c.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.



THE GREAT LOOK-IN

There's a look in fashion that's hard to define. It's a combination of taste, timing and excitement. It's the unexpected. The right touch of daring.

The Great Look-In is all that. Tuned-in styles with just the right touch. Sunglasses for those who dare.

Looking in, from left to right, the 'Aluminique'. Pure aluminum. So light. And practically unbreakable Orama IV® lenses, 17.50. 'Dual in the Sun', gives all-around protection with Orama IV® lenses, 10.00. 'Big Eye', from the Boutique collection, 5.00. 'Bazaar 100'—Anyone for tennis, or the beach? 10.00. 'Siren', from the Boutique collection, polarized lens, 5.00.

Look no further. The Great Look-In by Renauld is the look.

Renauld International Ltd. · 380 River Street · Fitchburg, Mass.



Oceanography

A body-shirt reminiscent of sandcastles, seaweed and riding inner tubes beyond the breakers. Shells and fish and underwater flora with an occasional friendly sea horse, all on cool Dacron polyester and cotton. And with it, the patch-pocketed dirndl skirt. In Azalea, Forgetmenot or Daffodil and other refreshing VILLAGER® colors. Misses sizes.

Skirt about $14, shirt about $8 at good stores and college shops.
Shoes by The Villager®

The Villager®

© 1968 THE VILLAGER, INC. MANNEQUIN DES. PAT. 194,253. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

VOGUE'S

The Established young—
fashion for charity in London



1

Who would have thought a couple of years ago that some of the crackling young British boutiques would seem by now like dug-in institutions? In London, for the benefit of the National Association of Boys' Clubs, a crush of guests turned up at the Playboy Club for a monster three-storey rally and champagne buffet to look at the fashions from Annacat (girls' clothes) and Mr. Fish (for boys), mostly modelled by notable young Londoners.



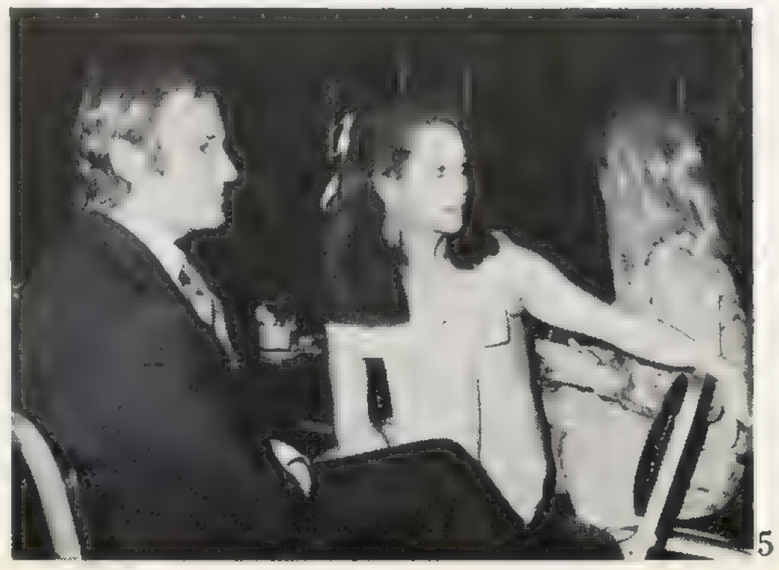
2



3



4



5

NOTEBOOK



6

The fun was the informality, with the young and attractive models not so much showing the clothes as ambling among friends. Disc jockeys announced on each floor, and after the fashions the party took a turn to dancing and gambling. An evening that rolled, but with a surprise: All that once anti-Establishmentarianism looked—well—Established.

7



1. Sylvana and the Earl of Lichfield, modelling. 2. Miss Janet Lyle (an owner of Annacat), Mrs. Mark Littman, and Mr. David Hicks. 3. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and Mr. Patrick McNee. 4. Mrs. Paul Channon. 5. The Knight of Glin and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Brand. 6. Mr. Alastair Lockhart and Miss Olda Willes, modelling. 7. The Hon. Michael Vaughan, Miss Arabella Churchill, and Miss Carinthia West. 8. Mr. Jocelyn Stevens, the Hon. and Mrs. James Ogilvy. 9. Lady Anne Tennant and Mr. Edgar Millington-Drake.

8



9



this is one original that can't be copied



Having trouble wearing false eyelashes?



Model Pamela Berkin says, "Use DUO® Eyelash Adhesive"

"Waterproof DUO has terrific holding power, won't let go 'til you're ready to unlash. Stays flexible, comfortable. Dries invisibly. Pure surgical formula is safe, gentle. Comes with handy applicator. Sure cure for lash problems." Take it from Pamela Berkin.



For FREE booklet of professional tips on wearing false lashes write DUO, P.O. Box 41, Dept. V45, Jamaica, New York 11434.

*T.M.

to
summon
a man,
push
this
button



L'Air du Temps
EAU DE TOILETTE SPRAY
THE ROMANTIC FRAGRANCE BY NINA RICCI, PARIS
a chic white push-button flacon, 2 ozs., $6.00; refill, $5.00

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Books

BY JEAN STAFFORD

Lord Malquist & Mr Moon,

"*puns, travesty, parody*"

Lord Malquist & Mr Moon (Knopf), a novel by Tom Stoppard who wrote the play *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead,* is either a sort of vaudeville show or a sort of morality play. As the first, it moves briskly and the skits individually are funny if sometimes too lunatic to be decipherable, but because the second nature of it weaves and flashes just beneath the surface, the reader's attention is deflected from the comedy and he feels that he is meant to analyze the jokes and then construct a polemic. This is no simple matter: What is to be made on either level, the farcical or the satiric, of a mountain lion at loose in the parks of contemporary London, catching a flamingo for his breakfast? Or of this sequence: Two corpses, fortuitously murdered, are rolled up together in a carpet and loaded onto the back of a donkey owned by a seedy little man in a dirty white linen robe who is known as the Risen Christ?

The principals, Lord Malquist and Mr Moon, both malcontents in today's society, are perfectly balanced in their contrast to each other. The nobleman, addicted to aphorisms and high-falutin elocution, is so tenacious of the majestic panoply of his family's history in Britain's past that he drives a coach-and-pair, carries a peregrine on his wrist, and dresses for dinner at his club in a blue Regency coat with blue trousers to match tucked inside calf-length boots; he is engaged in writing a book, "a little monograph on *Hamlet* as a source of book titles, a subject which does not interest me in the slightest, but I would like to leave behind me one slim and useless volume bound in calf and marked with a ribbon."

Mr Moon, instead of nostalgically looking backward, wants to shock the world to a standstill for a while to allow it to catch up with itself: "It's all got huge, disproportionate to the human scale. . . ." He carries a bomb about with him which he intends to detonate at some appropriate time; he is so mild and vague that it is not possible to know what he hopes to accomplish.

Mr Moon, too, is writing a book, a history of the world; that is to say, he is taking notes and at times he fears that he is a "pure writer" who will never commit one word to paper but on his deathbed would prepare "the single sentence that was the distillation of everything he had saved up, and die before he was able to utter it." When he is not at the library boning up on his subject, he acts as Lord Malquist's hired Boswell, assiduously writing down in a notebook such mots as "I am an island, Mr Moon, and when the bell tolls it tolls for thee."

In the supporting cast, there are Lady Malquist, bibulous; and Mrs Jane Moon, sometimes known as "Fertility Jane," chaste but nymphomaniacal. For her love two cowboys shoot each other dead in a brief horse-opera scene.

The pace of the romp never slackens, and the fusillade of puns, travesty, parody, double entendres is rapid and often deadly, occasionally (but very occasionally) so tangential that it misfires. Stoppard's talent as an entertainer is certain and brilliant; his intention as a commentator is less clearly defined so that, although one has had a good time, one is left somewhat up in the air and a little uneasy at the thought of presently being brought to earth with a thud.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Theatre

BY ANTHONY WEST

Your Own Thing,

"entertaining . . . visually witty"

While our Mr. Papp was making a hash of *Hamlet,* and someone else was butchering Greeks in order to show us how a Mr. Kott from Poland thinks that the classic repertory can be brought back to life, the job was being beautifully, entertainingly, and unpretentiously done down at the lower end of Second Avenue by Donald Driver, Hal Hester, and Danny Apolinar with the aid of some magic lantern operators called the Des Pro Studios, Inc. The corpse undergoing resuscitation was William Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night,* an ex-play which became a readers' and teachers' property fifty years ago.

Twelfth Night has been galvanized into entertaining life and restored to the theatre as *Your Own Thing,* a rock musical which has the double merit of being the liveliest and the most visually witty show that New York has seen in several seasons. Nothing is worse than the sort of guying of Shakespearean externals by persons without a spark of poetry in them that was popular on Broadway a few years back, and it should be made clear that this isn't that kind of thing at all—indeed there are moments in the show, such as that in which Rusty Thacker belts out a rock version of "Come Away, Death," in which one feels a proximity to the health and raw strength of the Elizabethan theatre and to the natural sources of poetry that can only be accounted for by a profound love and respect for the master and his work.

There is, in fact, a likelihood that a number of people who have read or seen *Twelfth Night* repeatedly without knowing what on earth it was supposed to be about will learn just that in the course of a visit to *Your Own Thing.*

The stroke of genius that makes the production outstanding is to play it on an all-white set that functions perfectly well as a conventional stage scene when it is required to do so, but which also serves as a screen for a variety of moving and still pictures. This is a leaf torn from a book that a great many people, notably the Czechs, have been playing with lately, but it is none the less effective for that. Its virtue is that it allows the stage designer, Robert Guerra, to give his audience a large measure of relief from the visual boredom that a static set is bound to inflict upon eyes habituated to the fluidity and the wealth of imagery in films, and to free the production from the rigidity and heaviness of a prop-encumbered stage. To go from Arthur Miller's play *The Price,* with its monstrous stacks of bureaux, commodes, and whatnots to *Your Own Thing* with its multiplicity of transient images—some of which are in themselves very good jokes—is to pass from the past into the future of the theatre, and to loose a good many doubts about whether that future really exists.

Apart from its tonic qualities as a production, *Your Own Thing* has enjoyably bouncy music, some first-rate dancing, good songs, a witty and grown-up book, and a perfectly matched and extremely likable cast. Dark-haired Marcia Rodd and red-haired Leland Palmer are very funny and very good to look at, and Tom Ligon and Rusty Thacker, as the two men who get them in the end, could hardly be improved upon. Albert Wolsky's costumes are good-looking and appropriate, and the jackets of Indian embroidery from Gujarat, worn over white skirts and white trousers, that he has put on most of the cast in the finale are beautiful.



Magnified—and Magnifique.

VANITY FAIR

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY BARBARA LONG

No Way To Treat a Lady,

"hatred for women"

During the Middle Ages, even the most sophisticated minds in Europe believed that a fully developed miniature male or female was contained within each human sperm. News of evidence discrediting the theory, admittedly a pretty idea, has reached Hollywood. No longer able to depend on Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin having been *born* that way, and not yet ready to accept a richly complex reality in which men and women *attain* their sexual identities, some Hollywood moviemakers seem to be marking time by telling snide jokes, willing to sacrifice entire movies for one "homo" or "faggot," forgetting how nice it was in *Charade* to see Cary Grant incorporate a camp shower-room striptease into his seduction of Audrey Hepburn.

No Way To Treat a Lady (Paramount) is another of those curious movies full of a hatred for women that certainly deserves careful attention but instead is slyly explained away as homosexuality, a smokescreen threatening to envelop the country, making it impossible for us to see each other. All the puffy, pathetic, frightening women were saved up for this one, and Rod Steiger, a sturdy barrel of a King Lear, strangles them before planting lipstick kisses on their foreheads. A mother hang-up.

Not a script to leave out any tricks, it sets up a parallel for the investigating detective, Moe Brummel, played by George Segal, a young man whose arrogant good looks beg to be punched in the mouth: He has a Jewish Mother hang-up, a device already tiresome the first time a Christian was also born of woman. Directed by Jack Smight, *No Way To Treat a Lady* remains pretty much a dirty joke involving blond wigs and old-queen mannerisms, and yet dirty jokes are part of our spoken tradition of storytelling and are often interesting narratives that could just as well have led to other punch lines. The relationship between the murderer and the detective *is* interesting, and would have been worth further detail. The boys at the station house may tease Brummel about the calls he receives from the murderer after each crime committed by him, and the calls may make the detective uneasy, but both he and his colleagues should know better. Just as a boxer will admit to the intensity of the relationship between him and the other fighters with whom he acts out a highly stylized ritual of suppressed violence, so might a law enforcement officer admit that he and the criminal need each other, together acting out a ritual of self-brutalization, meeting each other in some place where no one else ever goes.

Trans-Europ Express, "funny parodies"

Alain Robbe-Grillet, New Wave author, writer and director of *Trans-Europ Express,* has given away a writer's secret and had great fun doing it. Before writing a novel, a writer spends godlike hours choosing the proper form for his work. There isn't anything his hero can't do, any form—satire, tragedy, comedy—his plot can't hold. Robbe-Grillet, sitting in the Trans-Europ Express, proves that he certainly can plot a story and since his hero is Jean-Louis Trintignant, a charming man, the picture is charming. Some funny parodies, some funny dialogue, some funny rape scenes. Don't let anyone sell you any nonsense about The Decline of the West, however.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Thorny subject,

smoothed down

If you're ever invited to view a human hair through a microscope, our advice is to pretend you have something in your eye. We looked. And we're sorry. One innocent little strand seems monstrous, all barbed with prickly thorns. Then, when hair is feeling sick, the thorns get bigger, catch onto each other, tangle like mad. This roughness breaks up light patterns, prevents shine or glow. Depressing. But there's no point in brooding when we have Clairol around to help. You may know that Clairol was among the first, if not *the* one, to start the modern hair conditioning kick with Condition cream, a beauty pack treatment. Now they've developed a new instant Condition in lotion form to douse on from a plastic bottle. It's made to smooth down the thorns, restore natural strength, calm electro-static action that makes hair go wild. So more bounce, body, gloss, health, and happiness. If your hair has got it bad, Clairol suggests the full twenty- to thirty-minute cream Condition treatment. But for fast, fast, fast relief of the usual complaints, they say go for the instant lotion (which is, incidentally, especially great for long hair). And stay away from microscopes. Why magnify your troubles?

Urbane

renewal program

It takes a witty woman to out-do a city and what it does to her skin. It's no secret, no encouragement, to know what's landing on city faces lately; indoors and out. Hardly reminiscent of fresh country air. Nor does metropolitan tension resemble rural tranquility. Encouragement does come from Jacqueline Cochran, who has developed a skin care collection quite properly called "Urbane," to combat the havoc played on city skins. Flowing Velvet, one of the moisturizing greats, keeps lubrication active, protects from dirt, gives sheen, softens lines. A cleanser that has a good deal of penetration is followed with a refresher. A masque does the transition work between city day and city night by lilting the circulation, facial tone, and possibly morale. The end of an urban day—and does it ever?—calls for Urbane attention to the throat with a rich night cream and to the eyes with a gentle application of that kind of cream. Six city slickers to help you challenge, Urbanely, your own urban problems.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY ALFRED KAZIN

The Triumph, "*brilliant demonstration*"

John Kenneth Galbraith, former Ambassador to India, professor of economics at Harvard, author of *The Affluent Society*, is a man of overpowering usefulness to our national life, and it is a pity that he will never be elected President. He is taller than Lincoln was, a better scholar than Wilson was, he is as strikingly unlike the common man as Franklin D. Roosevelt was, his wit is far less pessimistic than Kennedy's was, he has just as much ambition as Lyndon B. Johnson but far more self-confidence and is better at learning new skills. But he will never become President; his sense of irony is too strong. He would rather describe his contemporaries than lead them.

Item: Mr. Galbraith's first novel, *The Triumph* (Houghton Mifflin), a satire on the pompous rigidities of American foreign policy or why Americans are now such *losers* in international politics. Is this a subject for satire? It is if you care enough. And in fact *The Triumph* is a brilliant demonstration of how the minds of Our Leaders don't work in a world where we are isolated by our supreme power and unrelatedness to what most people need and want. There are touches of anger here at what the children of the poor suffer in Latin America, at the inhuman gobbledygook of Air Force generals that bring home to us, from a central source, just how inane and irrelevant the top chatter can be. Mr. Galbraith has been attentive to some monumental bores in Washington, and he has caught especially well the phony informality of American bureaucrats. Still, Mr. Galbraith obviously likes to write fiction for the pleasure of making conversation, and his fable, trenchant as it is, reminds one of a dinner guest so clever that one dreads the chance of hearing him repeat himself.

Consider, says Mr. Galbraith, the political impotence and confusion that can come upon the government of the richest and most powerful nation in history when Martínez, the dictator of miserable little Puerto Santos, is overthrown by a handful of earnest liberals. In Puerto Santos everything grabbable, whether property or women, was long ago grabbed by Martínez, and amid overpowering destitution, misery, disease, Martínez has devoted his energies almost entirely to his sex life.

The old thief is bundled off into exile, leaving the country bankrupt but vaguely hopeful that something can at last be done for the people. At this critical moment, when our news weeklies have their reporters there writing the usual editorials in the form of news stories, when the President ruefully comments "—these things always . . . come to us as a surprise," the reflex is as usual: Puerto Santos must be saved from Communism. The Assistant Secretary of State manages to hold off recognition and economic help for the new regime. The Joint Chiefs of Staff are brought in, and the Air Force is asked to consider the possibility of counter-insurgency bombing, but in line with "the Rostow doctrine that it has to be combined with a strong effort to win the minds and hearts of the people." In this situation, lunch must be eaten only at one's desk, and everybody gets into the act—the progressive educators, the extraordinarily clean military men, the pompous columnists, the portraits of departed Secretaries of State, and even the old dictator's son, brought back from his social science courses at Michigan State to surprise everyone, the State Department especially, with what he has learned.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

THE Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

The Destructionists, "*marathon put-on?*"

Who are The Destructionists? Are they killers, rapers, annihilators of the spirit, murderers of the soul? Or are they pranksters, gamesters, crazed practitioners of the marathon put-on?

The Destructionists, in point of fact, are a group of underground artists, led by Ralph Ortiz, who believe the art process is out of touch with the times, that it is a passive thing, a depersonalized cultural appendage that undermines and negates our natural aggressive urges. They are bent on producing a creative culture in which destruction, inherently a part of life, is given preferential treatment.

Ortiz and his followers recently gave a sampling of their negative credo in the cellar gallery of the Judson Memorial Church in New York. While their shows resemble Happenings, these artists prefer to call their work Destruction Realizations. Consider Ralph Ortiz's "Destruction Room": He filled the cellar with a mêlée of objects—stuffed furniture, chinaware, bric-a-brac, clothing, framed photographs, magazines—and invited the audience to destroy these at a leisurely pace. This was Part I of a destructionist ritual.

Part II added slide projections and sound to the proceedings. The slides showed the human brain, heart, and lungs; while the sound consisted of breathing, heartbeat, and Zen morning prayers. While this was going on, a washing machine began to overflow with soapsuds, flooding the ruined articles. Next, the audience was invited to slice bananas and apples into several frying pans placed on electric heaters. The food was then stirred until it burned and scorched. All the while, strobe lights and spotlights played over the frying pans. Within an hour, everything was destroyed or burned, and the Ortiz destruction ritual was over.

Another Realization involved "Deteriorations" by the artist Bici Hendricks. Here, the process did not involve the physical destruction of objects, but the slow and inevitable melting process of ice and wax. Her idea was simple and to the point: "All art is deteriorating. It is only a question of the rate," she said.

Lil Picard's message involved burning newspaper clippings dealing with war and smashing figurines symbolizing the destruction of life. Once everything was burned to ashes, she filled opalescent rectangular containers with ashes and sealed them with Scotch tape.

Dancer-choreographer Carolee Schneemann offered "Divisions and Rubble," a destruction event in which the audience could enter an environment only by destroying it. The participants tore into an elaborate "grim, dark, and dirty" network of paper and fabric "to alter action by means of action and alter perception by means of perception."

Jean Toche's demoniacal *Labyrinths and Psychological Stress* involved blinding lights. He devised a "Panic Room" in order to "redirect" our aggressive drives.

This underground pack of destroyers all wish to tell us something: The humanist intent of art is over. Ralph Ortiz said: "Destruction theatre is the symbolic realization of those subtle and extreme destructions which play such a dominant rôle in our everyday lives, from our headaches and ulcers to our murders and suicides. . . ."

Nothing is as exciting as the city.
Nothing could be worse for your skin.

You thrive on the stimulation of the city, but does your skin?

For the woman who lives with artificial heat and air conditioning, who doesn't always get eight hours sleep and large helpings of fresh air, Jacqueline Cochran has designed "Urbane"—a beauty scheme that compensates for the pleasures of living the city life.



URBANE

For the woman who lives within 50 miles of a city.

JACQUELINE COCHRAN

1. CLEANSING CREAM TAKES OFF AS MUCH MAKEUP AS YOU PUT ON.
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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Clinking chains

say now. ***Jordan Christopher*** is a man who knows it, makes the rush to ornaments work for him . . . not with beads (not strong enough) but with bold chains that might have hung on Marco Polo's chest. Jordan has been on to ornaments since his step-daughter Kate Burton gave him an Indian bell on a chain . . . has been looking for something even bolder. Looking, that is, until he found the gold collar he wears, right. By William De Lillo, as are all ornaments shown, it is $120 at Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin.





These flowers open at sunset.
Tanner's soft-as-a-summer-wind romantic flower print
in a cowl neck, A-shift-shaped silk dress.
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APRIL 15, 1968

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: THE ATMOSPHERE OF BEAUTY



Only look at beautiful children, people, objects, and your baby will be beautiful."... This is what is said in France to an expectant mother. In other words: feed yourself with beauty, and you will project it. Beauty is a reflection of what you feel inside yourself. ...It is an act of will; a necessity to charm; an effort to reach out towards others. All the clothes and makeup in the world won't help, if you don't want to be beautiful for someone....Veruschka says, "Beauty, to me, comes entirely from the inside. The makeup is just an accessory to the spirit of beauty in a woman." You create beauty within yourself—for yourself, and for others. "If you are bored, you are boring, and ugly," the Duchess of Windsor's mother kept repeating to her daughter. And Melina Mercouri said, "When I'm bored, I am ugly; when I'm enjoying myself, I am radiant."...Beauty is an atmosphere, a voice, a look, a smile, a response to a question. Beauty is femininity—itself an atmosphere, and far more difficult to create than a perfectly made-up face, a marvellous coiffure....Beauty is a woman with a man she loves. Beauty is an emotion, a reaction. Beauty is an atmosphere.... Penelope Tree, *right*—at eighteen, a true beauty: not alone for looks, but for intelligence, spirit, élan—a special kind of shine....Another charmer, the Courrèges party dress—all bounce and gaiety: navy-and-white organdie with a long waist, a frisky little dirndl skirt. From the Courrèges Boutiques at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Ara Gallant Coiffure.

AVEDON

Lady Hamilton as 'Nature' by Romney. Princess Mary as Lely's 'Diana'...The Duchess of Cleveland as 'Minerva'—all the great 18th century English beauties who adored to pose as graces and goddesses—romantics all, heroines all. All rolled into one contemporary English beauty and played like a dream in the most ravishing new evening dresses this season.... Wreathed in roses Jean Shrimpton as Flora—flowers in her hair and flowers high on the waist of a silk chiffon dress shaded from palest beige to ivory. The tunic top, caught at one shoulder, floats across the body in a rounded line and the skirt, slashed on one leg, falls in uneven layers. By Oscar de La Renta. Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Capezio slippers (straps and flowers added).

HEROINES ALL—
A ROMANTIC
CHARADE
STARRING
JEAN
SHRIMPTON







As the young Lady Hamilton might have sat for Romney, left: Jean Shrimpton, a portrait of Innocence in ivory-beige voile—a turban of it with bows at the front and a matching three-quarter length dress all on the bias, tied high with a narrow rouleau and frilled with lace at the neck, the hem, and the tiny puffed sleeves. By Chester Weinberg of Stoffel-Galey & Lord cotton voile. At Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Gus Mayer. Adolfo turban. One puffed sleeve, one bared shoulder, right, and a length of white organdie threaded through the hair—an 18th-century Ariadne for a 20th-century summer evening in Chester Weinberg's daisy-strewn white organdie held under the bosom and falling to the middle of the calf. George Richardson appliquéd cotton organdie. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

AVEDON

JEAN SHRIMPTON—HEROINES ALL

JEAN SHRIMPTON-HEROINES ALL

The muses are heard—and seen, both pages, as Romney or Reynolds or Cosway might have seen the beauties who sat for them—lyrically pretty in their diaphanous Greek dresses, with their hair in delightful disorder. Here, in Sarmi's layers of chiffon, Jean Shrimpton revives the spirit. Left, clear, soft, skin-pink silk chiffon strapped and wound with moiré ribbon, then let loose in a diagonal fall—thigh high on one side, to the floor on the other. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin, I. Magnin. Right, Terpsichore in a whirl of white chiffon—white flowers hold it at the neck; chiffon holds it under the bosom; and the rest floats to the ground, rounding out from a deep slash. Of Stern & Stern silk chiffon. At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Adolfo turban. Slippers (ribbons, flowers added), by Selva.




JEAN
SHRIMPTON-
HEROINES
ALL

Moon goddess, left: a crescent sparkles above her brow and glass stars gleam in a river of hair—Jean Shrimpton like a Lely Diana, radiant as dreams.... Charles Elkaim hair jewels, at Henri Bendel. Nike in wings of chiffon, right, with a wreath of laurel leaves on her head. The dress, layers of palest pink blowing about victoriously in a voluminous open-sided tunic over a loose-falling skirt to the ankles. By Stavropoulos, of silk chiffon with a slip of Abraham silk crêpe underneath. Bonwit Teller; Lou Lattimore; I. Magnin. Capezio strippy pink sandals. Coiffures for all the heroines, these eight pages: Ara Gallant.

AVEDON

THE VEILED ALLURE OF PARIS

Gleaming skin, great eyes, misted in allure, right, with the romantic fascination of a secret only half disclosed—Givenchy's haze of smoky net floats out from a high-perched beige pillbox and settles about the whole head—lightly enveloping skin, perfume, jewels. Veiled hat made to order: Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Suit and jewellery, by Givenchy. Brown crêpe tunic dress muffled in allure, left: cut and jewelled like a Czar's, Saint Laurent's shirttail tunic is leashed by tasselling jewels over a mere slip of skirt—its blazing topaz and golden bib half-glimpsed through a golden gauze blur. Dress, in Abraham silk crêpe. At I. Magnin. Saint Laurent veiled turban, jewellery, and molten-gold stockings. Slippers by Roger Vivier for Saint Laurent.

AVEDON



THE DAZZLING WESKITS OF PARIS

A dazzle of jewels, a glow of brilliant colour: the weskit, coming in strong everywhere. Cut close to the body, low under the arms—most exciting new accessory to wear over narrow little shirts with a short, short skirt, or marvellous evening pants....Both weskits here, by Lanvin. Gypsy fires, left: a long luxurious weskit of white organza thickly embroidered with brass nailheads, wooden beads, and chalk-white sequins to flash over a shirt of raw silk and a flame of kilt in silk crêpe. Embroidery by Lesage. Pétillault crêpe. At El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. The shoes are by Charles Jourdan. A pirate's loot, right, of multicolour opaque jewels circled by tiny brilliants on a glittering weskit pared away at the sides and held by jewelled braces in back. Worn with Lanvin's dashing buccaneer pyjamas—wide-legged pants of woven silk striped in matching jewel colours topped by a narrow little white silk shirt. At El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Rings: Evelyne Desbruères. The coiffure: a Jean Laffite kerchief of tiny golden braids. On both of these pages, coiffures by Ara Gallant, with Tovar-Tresses Dynel braids.


AVEDON



ALEXIS WALDECK

SUMMER FASHION

one fine day... and the three-quarter-length dress for evening



Red-letter-day Galanos, left: A perfect summer day dress in a perfect colour for summer. Red whipcord cotton, strong and clear and marvellous with a suntan—shoulders cut in, waist belted, and tucks all the way down to the hip where they burst into barrel pleats and just bounce away from the body—coolest thing in town, especially with the matching wide-brimmed Galanos hat. Dress: Bergdorf Goodman; May D & F; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Galanos for Penn-Carol stockings. David Evins shoes for Galanos, to order: I. Miller. Time for the three-quarter dress: now, any evening this summer, when you want to look romantically pretty and feminine—that's the moment for deliciousness like this, right. Geoffrey Beene's cotton dirndl in a print like Victorian wallpaper—white dots sprinkled on black, and white flowers scattered here and there, with bands of black-and-white stripes high on the waist, down around the hem. About $160. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros. Richard Palan earrings. Kayser tights. Mademoiselle pumps (we added the pompons). Coiffures here and on the next six pages: Ellen Kulesa of Nan Orcel; Tovar-Tresses real hairpieces.

SUMMER FASHION





THE 3/4 LENGTH DRESS FOR EVENING—

waists held, hems frilled with ruffles and scallops

White piqué and sparklers, left, and tiny puffed sleeves and a pink satin sash—the most delectable young thing at the party, with a band of piqué ruffles stiffening the hem and more cotton piqué showing through a gossamery bodice of lattice embroidery starry with brilliants. Mollie Parnis. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Lee Menichetti earrings. Beautiful Bryans tights. Charles Jourdan shoes (flowers added). How pretty can a pinafore get? Pretty as this, right: white petit-point cotton with a band of scallops at the three-quarter hem, a high banded waist, and a heavenly shirt underneath—pink-and-white Gros de Londres checks, edged in lace at the throat and wrists. By Chester Weinberg. To order at Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Halle Bros.; I. Magnin. Richard Palan white-flower earrings. Rings from Sona The Golden One. Pantie stockings by Trimfit, Evins white satin slippers (we planted the white flowers).

THE 3/4 LENGTH AND THE 9/10 DRESS

Indian prints and belted Edwardian lace

Twin prints, left, Indian in feeling, romantic in spirit—blues, greens, aquamarine and white laid in wide bands on a gathered skirt of cotton ottoman and a matching cotton voile top shirred at the waist, with long full sleeves tightly cuffed. Eric Lund for Lisa Meril dress, in hand-blocked cotton print (Italmode fabric); about $215. At Sara Fredericks; Neiman-Marcus. Castlecliff earrings. Phoenix pantie stockings. Yellow slippers by Evins (we added the pompons). Rows and rows of white lace ruching, right, around the throat, down the sleeves, down the top, the skirt, around the hem—an Edwardian belle's dream of a shirtdress held with a golden belt and falling to just above the ankles. By Anne Fogarty; about $140. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Hudson's; J. W. Robinson. Stanley Hagler earrings. Ring: Sona The Golden One.





A wide neckline, left, and sleeves like little folded handkerchiefs—the most romantic three-quarter dress in layers of melon-pink organza, each layer embroidered with white circles and scallops that make lovely shifting patterns as the skirt moves below its white sash. Andrew Woods; Samuel Ehrman silk. Park Avenue Room at Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Henry Harris; Sanger-Harris. K.J.L. earrings: Saks Fifth Avenue. Prestige tights. Evins shoes, to order: I. Miller. One perfect rose, above—a huge yellow one—on the cummerbund that wraps an Empire-waisted dress of pale-blue cotton ottoman thinly striped in yellow. By Christian Dior-New York. Lord & Taylor; Frost Bros. Charles Elkaim earrings. Beautiful Bryans pantie stockings. Charles Jourdan shoes. Crunchy with daisies, right: white-embroidered white organza with a little puff-sleeved shirt top and a wide waistband lined in pale blue. Christian Dior-New York. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Gidding-Jenny; Harzfeld's. Sheldena earrings. Prestige tights. Evins shoes (flowers added).



THE 3/4 LENGTH DRESS FOR EVENING—

Empire waists
and frosts of
embroidery



MAINBOCHER – HIS NEW DAY LOOKS WORN BY BARONESS WILTRAUD VON FÜRSTENBERG

A fresh expression of the Mainbocher point of view—as always, the discipline of detail, the luxuriousness—with a special liking this season for pale, clear, happy colours. Here, a perfect belted suit and coat of pale wools, worn by Baroness Wiltraud von Fürstenberg, a tall serene beauty with dark-blond hair, river-blue eyes, marvellous long legs, a delicious sense of humour. The Main suit-line, left, in pink-and-white basket-weave tweed—jacket cut simply as a shirt and belted over a slightly dirndl'd skirt; golden buttons close over a sleeveless pink crêpe blouse. The soft, belted coat, right, slipping with the ease of a cardigan over a pale-green turtleneck dress—oatmeal wool with a V'd closing, epaulettes in a new direction, patch pockets on the lightly flared skirt. All, made to order by Mainbocher. Coiffures, here and on the next two pages, by Lupe.

ALEXIS WALDECK



MAINBOCHER'S JEWEL-BELTED EVENINGS WORN BY BARONESS WILTRAUD VON FÜRSTENBERG

Circled with jewels, left, a long evening dress of white matte jersey; the neckline slightly shirred, cut in slightly on the shoulders, the full skirt falling in a clean cool line from a narrow white satin belt embroidered with mock ruby and crystal flowers—one of the simple, endlessly beautiful looks Mainbocher is famous for. The one-shoulder plaid, this page, in a delicious, gauzy marquisette—palest pink, green, and navy on white, and yards of skirt floating from a bias-cut top; the belt, buckled with a circle of rose-coloured jewels. All made to order by Mainbocher. The New York apartment, all four pages, done by Denning & Fourcade.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Senator Eugene McCarthy whose professorial low-keyed dissent gets constantly more powerful as he pushes on towards the Democratic nomination for President. . . . The change in civil rights methods which used to be, in the words of Tom Stoppard's Guildenstern, "obscure promises balanced by vague threats," but now are more apt to be specific promises balanced by Mace threats. . . . The curious devotion of many college students to Rod McKuen, a poet less sophisticated than Edgar Guest, less adroit than Nick Kenny. . . . The button: "Reality is a Crutch."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . George Plimpton who has uniquely made failure charming and amateurism unbeatable and profitable. . . . John Gardner, now out of the Cabinet, who said that the country is rightly obsessed with the problems of the cities, that the citizens should willingly submit to taxes for the cities, and that one should be "disgusted but never discouraged." . . . The celebrated wit of Ephraim Kishon in *Unfair to Goliath,* his new book of essays, almost all funny but especially this: " 'Corporal Goliath,' the military correspondent asked, 'how come that a giant like you, armed to the teeth, collapsed so quickly?' 'Because,' Goliath fumed, 'the bastard used unconventional weapons!' "

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The *S.R.O.* album by Herb Alpert and The Tijuana Brass, a record that has no mind-blowing messages but is flamboyant, high-spirited, the brasses snapping and twittering. . . . The marvellous, penetrating, fresh television program recently on CBS in which age, perhaps more old age, is the subject, photographed by Lord Snowdon who allowed the subjects primarily to do the talking, one woman particularly graphic about "the smell of old age," with nothing to do with cleanliness. . . . The rising number of ulcers in college girls. . . . *A Dandy in Aspic* which is not dandy in film.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *A Cab at the Door,* an absorbing memoir by V. S. Pritchett, the notable English critic and novelist who had a cuckoo childhood. . . . "Body Covering," an exhibition in New York at The Museum of Contemporary Crafts which suggests such delights as suits with built-in massage machines, clothes sprayed on, transparent inflated suits that are total environments, the whole works both imaginative and daft. . . . The word "spaced" meaning euphoria induced by success. . . . *Portrait of a Queen,* a glucose-concentrated play about Queen Victoria told in her own words which give no sign of her cruelty towards her son Edward VII, her dependence on Scotch which helped make her a tiddly recluse in old age, her vaulting ambitions for her children which put them, happy or not, on the thrones of Europe. . . . The West Coast phrase "foxy chick": a girl honed sharp, keen of her kind.

LUDMILA, THE MARVELLOUS NATASHA IN THE NEW MOVIE "WAR AND PEACE"



Ludmila Savelyeva is Russia's first movie super-star; when she appears in the streets of Moscow, she is mobbed by admirers. (In real life, *opposite;* as Natasha, *left.*) She has become a Russian heroine by playing the most beloved Russian heroine—Natasha—in the colossal Soviet film production of *War and Peace* which runs in its entirety for eight hours, used 70,000 extras, and has been seen by ninety-eight million people in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Now this movie is opening later this month in New York in a six-hour, two-part version. Wherever the film has been shown, Ludmila Savelyeva, described by a French critic as "this lovely discovery with an intense inner life, fierce and sweet, ardent and fragile," has enchanted audiences, who think of her as Tolstoy wrote: "What a delight, that Natasha." Twenty-five years old now, and married, Ludmila was an unknown nineteen-year-old dancer with the Leningrad Opera and Ballet Company when she was chosen for this rôle which took five exhausting years. Discovered when one of the directors of the film saw a screen test she had made for a small movie, she seemed the perfect Natasha to everyone except one director, who thought her too pretty. His quibble has truth. But from the beginning, under Sergei Bondarchuk's direction (he plays Pierre Bezuhov), it became clear that she was an inevitable Natasha. Ludmila was photographed in Moscow especially for Vogue.

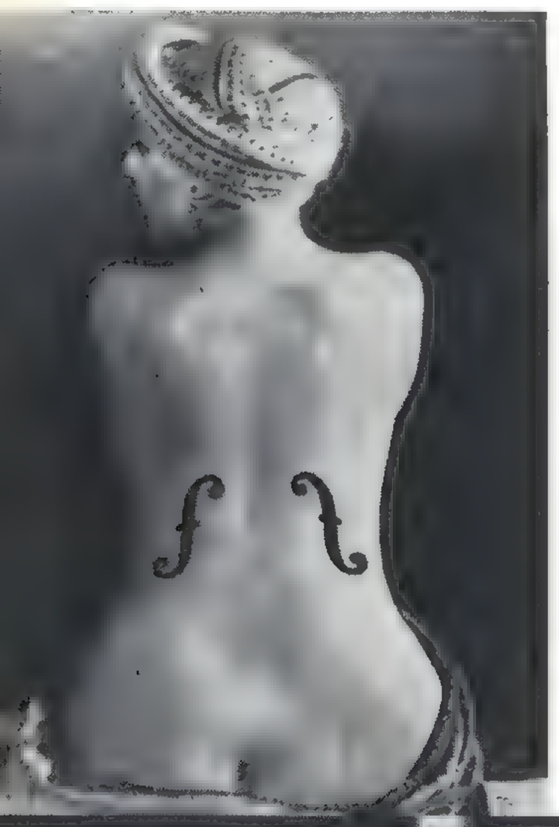


ARNAUD DE ROSNAY



Who is Surrealism?









EDITOR'S NOTE: *The spiced fantastic is the ordinary to Salvador Dalí, one of the greatest contemporary artists, one of the original band of Surrealists, a complicated sixty-four-year-old Catalonian phenomenon whose autobiographies are classics, whose two collaborative movies,* Le Chien Andalou *and* L'Âge d'Or, *are classics, and a painter who invented soft objects, notably "Persistence of Memory," that dreamed landscape with melting watches. Because Dalí's life is still surrealist, Vogue asked him to write this article "Who Is Surrealism?" Ten of his paintings are now part of the fascinating historical exhibition "Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage," organized by William S. Rubin, curator of painting and sculpture at New York's Museum of Modern Art. (After the show closes in New York on June 9, it will go to the Los Angeles County Museum —July 16 to September 8; then to the Art Institute in Chicago—October 19 to December 8.)*

"Salvador Dalí has given Surrealism a first-class tool with his paranoiac-critical method, which can be applied to painting and to the creation of surrealist objects in fashion and to every other kind of exegesis."

André Breton (called the Pope of Surrealism)

Upon his arrival in Paris Dalí announced his paranoiac-critical method, which he opposed to the "narcissistic exploitation of dreams," which was the one that had been exercised by the friends of the Surrealists who had just welcomed him into their hermetic group as a veritable saviour!

The great poet Robert Desnos, who often fell voluntarily into mediumistic trances in which he believed he had become Robespierre, telephoned me that he urgently wished to see me if possible in the next quarter of an hour. He had to tell me an extraordinary dream and he feared that in proportion, as time slipped away, many nuances would fade from his memory, in spite of the fact that he had taken the precaution of making notes on the dream as soon as possible after his awakening.

Dalí replied to Desnos on the phone: "Nothing interests me less in the world than to hear someone tell me his dreams. Nothing could be more boring than that. I can not believe nor interest myself in my own, but if you give me your word of honour not to tell me your dream, I will come

Top: Dalí, 1968, the magician of Surrealism, wearing the cross and sash of the high Spanish order, Isabel la Católica. Centre: "Le Violon d'Ingres," 1921, one of the first Surrealist photographs, by Man Ray, one of the first Surrealists to paint the body; collection of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Jacobs. Bottom: Dalí's 1968 collage for Vogue of André Breton with, in the torn hole, Oldenburg's "Soft Giant Fan." Near left: Tanguy's "Through Birds, Through Fire, but Not Through Glass," 1943; coll. of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Winston. The Man Ray photograph and the Tanguy are in the "Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage" exhibition at The Museum of Modern Art in New York.



at once and you will listen instead—it is I who will tell you, not my dream, but my paranoiac-critical method, thanks to which the objective reality of all that surrounds us will become a rapturous element, and the Place de l'Opéra, where the rendezvous had just been fixed, would harden in a surrealist dream more indestructible than workshops of Carrara marble."

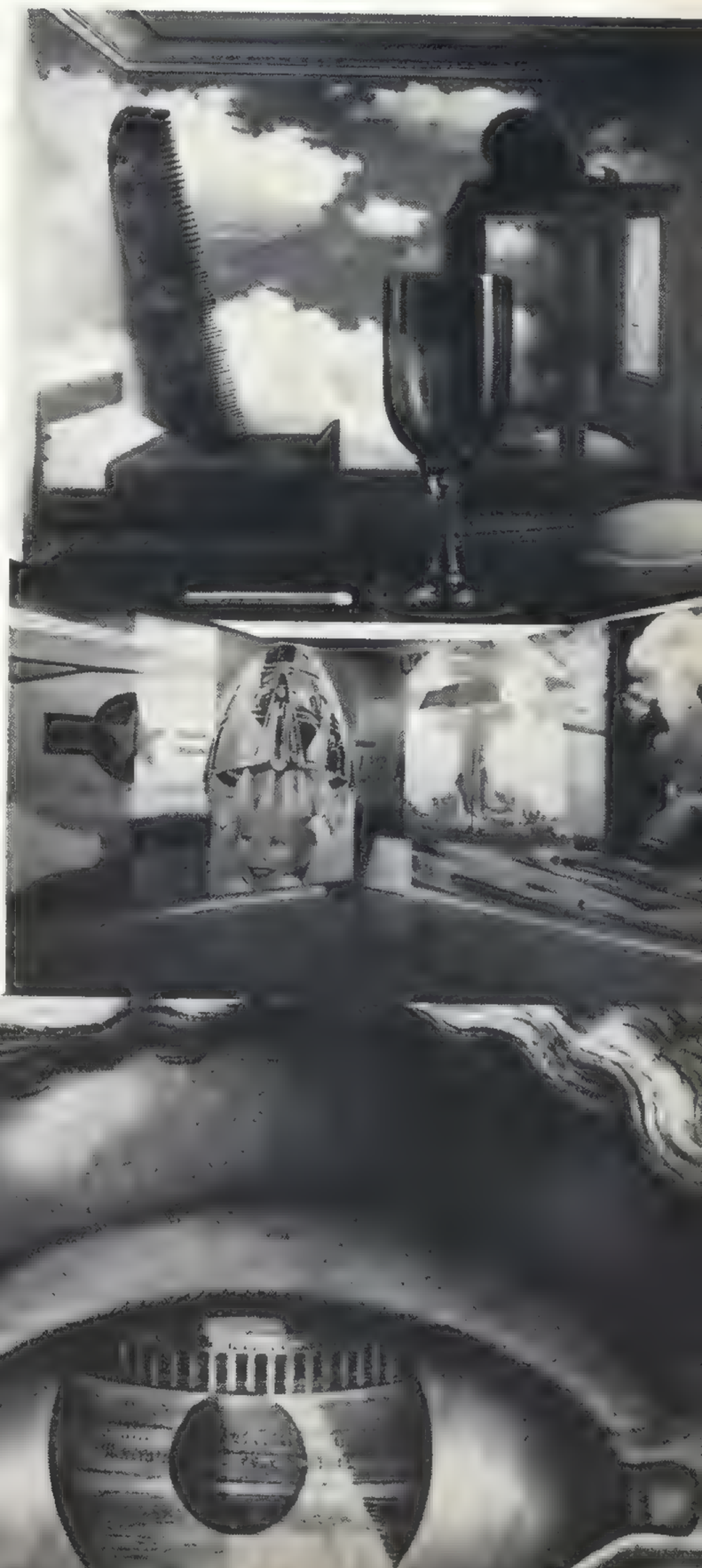
At the end of half an hour the encounter of Dalí and Desnos took place at the Café de la Paix. Desnos was accompanied by a small painter of the type of soft cretin whose name was designed not to be remembered and by a young woman who resembled Salvador Dalí, with a pair of earrings of very high quality but so unsymmetric that one could not forget them. She told me afterward that Desnos had said to her: "You are going to see a phenomenon, unique among us, a man who does not wish to hear about dreams; he's either an anti-conformist personage or a genius."

Here are the phenomena of the frenzied type that produced themselves between the moment that Dalí hung up the telephone and his arrival at the Café de la Paix:

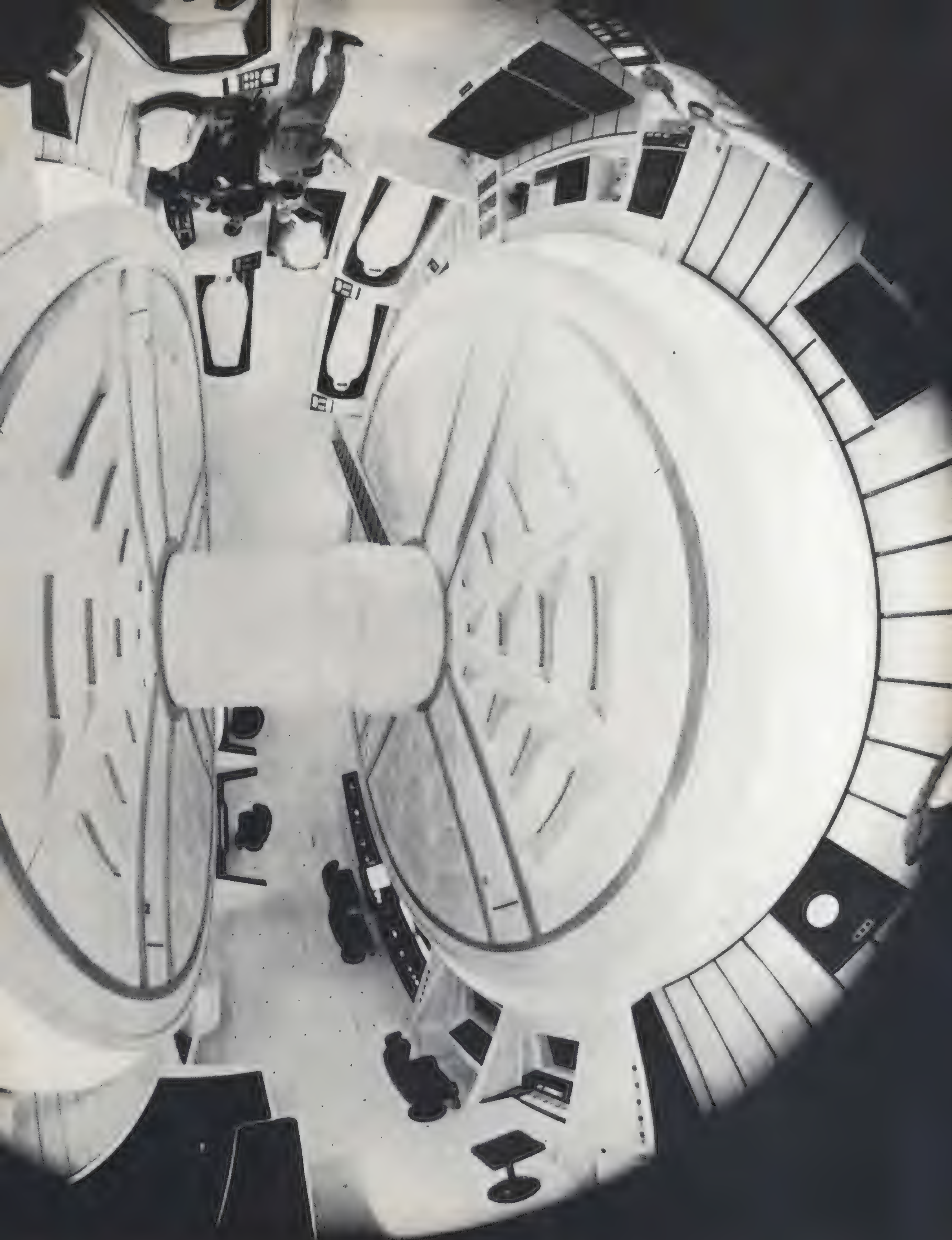
1. Finishing my cup of coffee with milk I made a mistake and added salt instead of sugar. I did not notice it until, in drinking it, the salt made me cough; but instead of being annoyed I cried with joy, "Bravo!"

2. I reach the Café de la Paix at noon on a day in the month of July; the terraces teem with people. I look for Desnos before seeking the table where he is waiting for me with his friends. A peddler offers me trinkets. Instantly I buy earrings in the form of cherries. I make the girl a present of these, but, no sooner is this done than the last delirious phenomenon produces itself. I rip one off and plunge it into the coffee and milk. Then, instantly using my paranoiac-critical method, I say to Desnos: "Here is my dream awakened." I cover the cherry with salt and, when it is entirely white, I say: "Here is perfection—immortality."

The three Surrealists looked at me as if I were a madman while I explained to them my (Continued on page 139)



Above: **Part of the first group of Surrealists, all painters and poets, about 1931: Tzara, Man Ray, Dalí, Arp, Eluard, Tanguy, Max Ernst, Breton, and Crevel.** ***Right, top:*** **A 1952 René Magritte, "Personal Values," collection of Jan-Albert Goris, and,** ***centre,*** **a 1965 James Rosenquist enormous painting, "F-111," collection of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull. (Dalí said: "The monumentality of a painting does not depend on size but on the proportions of the elements.")** ***Right:*** **Pre-Surrealist "Eye View of the Interior of the Theatre of Besançon," an engraving after Ledoux, an eighteenth-century architect. Only the Magritte painting is in the "Dada, Surrealist" exhibition.**





On January 1, 2001, the second millennium ends and the third begins. It will be a time of stock taking and good resolutions and, doubtless, of thankful farewells to the unlamented twentieth century. What kind of world will salute the first day of the new era when it dawns thirty-three years from now?

Any attempt to predict the future can be based only on experience of the past. The year 2001 is now as remote from us as the early 1930's—and *they* already seem to belong to another world. Yet there are reasons for expecting far greater changes in the three decades to come than in those that have just passed, for the pace of technology doubles every ten years or so. On this basis, 2001 may be as strange to us as our age would be to a man from 1890.

In some fields—for example, science and space exploration—this will certainly be true; whether it will be true of ordinary, everyday life is a different matter. For it is possible that most of the profound changes to civilized man's mode of living have already taken place, and that we may expect no really revolutionary developments in the future.

This thought occurred to me rather vividly at the 1964 New York World's Fair, when I was one of several million visitors to the General Electric exhibit. Here Walt Disney had devised a rotating theatre to show how the home had changed since the Gay Nineties; the audience moved, as if in a time machine, in jumps of some twenty years up to the present. We watched gas lamps, coal-burning stoves, and hand-operated vacuum cleaners give way to air conditioners, large-screen TV, and the all-electric, automatic kitchen.

Upon one visitor, at least, this fascinating exhibit did not produce quite the impression that General Electric had intended. (Perhaps this may be because I live in the Orient, where to 90 per cent of the population Walt Disney's 1920 kitchen would be a vision of an impossibly Utopian future.) At any rate, it seemed to me that there had been little fundamental progress in the last forty years—only refinement of details. Before 1920, as far as the prosperous Western nations were concerned, the revolution had already occurred; and a pattern of domestic existence that had lasted with no change for thousands of years had become obsolete.

NEXT: ON EARTH, THE GOOD LIFE?

What? In 2001, no more cities but houses that fly, orbital newspapers, and a robot in the garden, weeding?

BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE

One can list, quite briefly, the main ingredients of that revolution—one so great that, from our point of view, a mediaeval palace now appears little better than a mud hut. Here they are, not necessarily in order of importance: piped water, indoor plumbing, gas cooking and heating, electric light and power. All these came into general use around the end of the nineteenth century; in the thousand years that went before, I can think of only one comparable advance—the introduction of glass windows. (Anyone who doubts their importance should try to imagine a typical winter night at Camelot.)

If indeed the major technical upheavals of the home are already behind us, the future will show little more than changes of styling and location. There will, doubtless, be Louis XVI air conditioners, Victorian TV sets, Ming Dynasty toasters, Cretan tableware, Pre-Raphaelite computer consoles. Men will build homes in ever-stranger places, as during the last decades they have invaded the once inhospitable desert. There will be luxurious dwellings on the slopes of Everest, in the Antarctic wastes, amid the coral paradise of the Great Barrier Reef. But most of the gadgets in those homes would be understandable to us—while most of *ours* would certainly not be comprehensible to a man of the eighteenth century. This is the conservative view of the future; it may even be correct. But before we accept it, let us remem- (Continued on next page)

In 2001, the centrifugal heart of a spaceship? This great wheel of a room, *left,* is the concept of, in part, Arthur C. Clarke, one of the most famous science-fiction writers in the world. With director/producer Stanley Kubrick, Mr. Clarke wrote the new M-G-M film *2001: A Space Odyssey* not as science fiction but as science fact, working with exactness and a crowd of specialists from industry, academic institutions, and NASA. Science fact, too, is the meat of Mr. Clarke's newest book, a history and projection of astronautics named *The Promise of Space,* published this month by Harper & Row. The article on these pages, written especially for Vogue, might turn out to be science foresight. Foreseeing an interplanetary spaceship for *2001,* Mr.Clarke imagined the interior shown here as continually spinning, providing a pull to compensate for lost gravity: The entire circumference is "down," the axis is "up." Looking like coffins containing mummies are hibernacula, where men may pass years in medically controlled sleep. The clutch of earthlings here, photographed while *2001* was being filmed, includes one of its stars, Keir Dullea, furthest left, and, aiming a camera at him, bearded Stanley Kubrick.

WILLIAM KLEIN

NEXT: THE GOOD LIFE?

In 2001, chimpanzee servants? Why not?

ber all those prophets in the past who were so sure that the future could be no more than a projection of their own age. We may laugh at their failures of imagination, but ours may be equally great. Perhaps, after all, the most astonishing changes may still lie ahead of us.

What could they possibly be?

Some of the most important will be changes in *function*, caused by economic and technical developments outside the home itself. There was a time when every family unit had to be virtually self-contained: making its own clothes, preparing its own meals, building its own furniture, doing its own laundry, baking its own bread, manufacturing its own soap (if any). Life a few centuries ago was really very complicated, in ways we have completely forgotten. A visit to Mount Vernon, with its rooms full of obsolete and now often incomprehensible tools and household gadgets, provides a good reminder of this. Here, armies of servants toiled at myriads of specialized jobs to sustain the Washington family. The first President of the United States would have been quite surprised to learn that the time would come when none of his successors' households contained a single hand loom or spinning wheel.

These things have been swept into limbo by mechanization and mass production. Today, about the last manufacturing process left in the home is the preparation of meals, but the time is fast approaching when home cooking will be as rare as home weaving. The deep freeze and the TV dinner have combined to doom the kitchen, in which our mothers toiled away most of their lives.

A whole month's meals for a family could be delivered, frozen and/or dehydrated, in a package weighing about a hundred pounds. (Remember that 90 per cent of most food is water; why carry that home when you can get it from the tap?) The unit would be placed in a kind of "Home Automat," the desired meal would be selected, and the built-in computer would do all the rest. A perfectly cooked meal would pop out of the dispenser in less than ten minutes—or else a sign would flash saying "Sorry—Filet Mignon out of stock."

If Filet Mignon *were* in stock, it would probably never have been near a cow. The production of natural meat is so inefficient a process that it may be uneconomical, or even prohibited, by the twenty-first century. If the present population increase continues, for every man who consumes a meal based on meat, ten other men will have to starve.

The logic of this is inexorable, for it takes ten pounds (or more) of vegetable matter to make a pound of meat, via cows, sheep, or hogs. It's true that these mobile food factories consume raw materials, like grass, which we can not use directly. But the biochemists are making great progress; our grandchildren will *love* grass, and won't even know that they're eating it. It will taste like anything they care to specify—and, equally important, its appearance will match its taste.

Beyond the production of all types of food from plant or vegetable sources, we will undoubtedly see its manufacture from non-living materials, such as coal and oil (too valuable to burn in the future, but not too valuable to eat), limestone, carbon dioxide, and water. Ultimately, purely synthetic food may be the only way of feeding our planet's billions; it is certainly one of the requirements for the colonization of such barren worlds as the moon, which possess no life-forms of their own that the explorers can eat. (We hope they also possess no life-forms that will eat the explorers.)

For long-range journeys, lasting months or even years, spaceships will have to be completely self-sufficient, processing all waste products and converting them back into food, air, and water in a closed-cycle economy. The equipment to do this is now being developed, at a cost of billions of dollars; but once it is perfected, mass production could make it available at a price every house owner could afford.

And then we would have a very interesting situation, involving social changes at least as great as those produced by the automobile. Today's vast food production and distribution industries would practically cease to exist, since every home could feed itself automatically and indefinitely.

This might lead to the development of completely mobile homes. Given a compact power source (and we may expect this as a result of fuel-cell or atomic-energy developments) the house of the future would have no roots tying it to the ground. Gone would be water pipes, drains, power lines; the autonomous home could therefore move anywhere at the owner's whim.

Since today's houses are still built with Stone Age materials, they weigh at least ten times as much as they should. The space laboratories have now produced wonderful new materials far stronger than steel, but lighter than aluminum; when these are generally available, houses will be able to fly.

They could be carried from place to place by "sky cranes" no more powerful than some of the big helicopter-freighters in use today. The time may come, therefore, when whole communities may migrate south in the winter, or move to new lands. Anyone who thinks that there is no room left for such migrations has not looked carefully at the terrestrial globe. There are vast and uninhabited areas of this planet—some of them extremely picturesque—which are empty simply because they are useless for food production. But these are just the regions that will be attractive *when* we have developed the autonomous home. The swimming pool in the Arizona desert is a symbol of the future in more ways than one.

(Continued on page 142)



SPACE

Above: The spaceship "Discovery" in the movie "2001: A Space Odyssey" with its pod bay opened to take a pod (one-man spacecraft) into the mother ship.

ASTRO-BIOLOGY ***Space biology. Biology of extraterrestrial life forms, primitive and intelligent.***

BRAINPACK ***A compact miniature computerized memory system attached to the back of a space helmet.***

CENTRIFUGE ***Simulated or induced artificial-gravity area inside space vehicle. A large wheel-shaped device that, by spinning on its axis, creates the sensation of artificial gravity at the rim,***

GLOSSARY... By Frederick I. Ordway, III, and Ivor B. Powell

thereby eliminating the normal zero-gravity environment of the ship.

COMMAND MODULE *Cockpit area (of the "Discovery" spaceship).*

COMPUTER BRAIN ROOM *Room containing the logic modules that make up a computer's memory.*

CYBERNETICS *Science of control systems that operate by feedback, that is, control is exercised as a function of continuous inputs from the element being controlled, typically a thermostat.*

ELECTRONIC TELEPAD *The advancement of the newspaper—a portable screen on which one can view contents of daily papers.*

E.T. *Extraterrestrial being.*

E.V.A. *"Extra Vehicular Activity." Any activity outside a space vehicle undertaken by an astronaut, as inspection, assembly, repair, fuelling.*

GLOBULAR CLUSTER *Grouping of stars smaller than a galaxy; typically containing about a hundred thousand stars.*

HARD COPY *Paper copy of an instruction or event, as opposed to visual screen display.*

HIBERNACULUM *The compartment housing a hibernating person.*

HIBERNATION *By slowing down bodily functions and lowering body temperatures, prolonged, almost ageless sleep can be achieved.*

INSTRUMENT PROBE *An unmanned space vehicle equipped with detecting and monitoring instruments.*

ISOLATED PROTEIN UNIT *A synthetic food unit.*

LIFE-SUPPORT SYSTEM *The engineering system aboard a spaceship that provides biological, physiological, and medical support to ensure survival of an astronaut beyond the earth's atmosphere.*

MAGNETOMETER *Device to measure intensity of magnetic fields.*

MISSION PROFILE *The purpose of a mission. Typically, a graphic or tabular presentation of a flight plan of a vehicle showing all pertinent events scheduled to occur.*

MOONBUS *A passenger-carrying vehicle for travel over the moon's surface.*

PLASMA JET *The jet of exhaust gases from a fission plasma rocket engine.*

POD *Small one-man spacecraft able to operate in the space environment close to mother spaceship. Used for maintenance*

(Continued on page 144)

THE BIG LIES OF MIND-AFFECTI

As one who has written about drug effects and the philosophical issues raised by drug taking, I have a confession to make. Drugs can be very boring. And talk about drugs is even more boring.

When it comes to drugs and writers, editors can usually find a hip pedant who will trace the history of which poets took which drugs to write which poems back to the Stone Age. Then he will put on his social-science seriousness and speculate that some of the poets would have written the same poems anyway, or better, or worse, or different, or more, or not at all.

But really . . . does any semi-educated reader doubt that from time to time certain poets and writers have used mind-affecting drugs? And no one needs to remind us, I hope, that when the drug gets more important than the writing—as drugs have a tendency to do—the writing isn't worth the bag.

Yet people will talk, and especially they will talk about what they are afraid they may be missing. I suppose it is inevitable that culture gobblers will feast upon symposia convened to decide how drugs might be employed in pursuit of what people who don't have it call "creativity." But I think they miss the point and end up discussing the wrong question. For the fact that writers can use drugs to jazz their minds, or—as Faulkner used alcohol—to keep them going, is not what lends a titillatory quality to the subject.

The titillation comes from forces beyond our control: Specifically, the social and historical forces that have created for the first time in American life an official drug culture. The existence of such a culture (or cult) and the price which American writing is already beginning to pay for it are to my mind far more critical than whether and how a given artist may stimulate himself.

The drug culture is populated by two overlapping types of people. First, the people who organize their psyches around the taking of drugs, and who claim that it is a more beautiful thing they do. Second, the publicists—the writers, editors, teachers, and media men—who may or may not use drugs themselves or know much about them but who identify themselves with drug taking and who promote it as a tremendously significant act.

Currently these people are extending an invitation which is implicit in everything that labels itself *hip*, whether in movies, advertising, magazines, pop music, or television commercials (all of which are increasingly interchangeable). We are cordially invited, before it's too late, to dissolve ourselves into the drug culture, to share the magic secret of turning on, and to base our daily life, our art, and indeed our whole personalities, such as they are, on the recognition of a stupendous in-joke. Because the in-joke is the centre of the drug existence. The joke is that all of *them*, out there, are sick, dull, and square. They are responsible for the impenetrable mess they call a world, but the joke is that the world is unreal. Only we inside people and the insides of our heads are real. Though we may look as lost and ugly as anyone else, we make the scene together, baby, we tune to the basic primitive vibrations, *and we swing*.

The invitation is tempting. Life is sweeter when a man can join something—even if it's a slick-cover, cellophane underground. In these hysterical times of bombing and blabbing, there's not much going aboveground that commands our allegiance. And when it comes to writing, how much do we have that's worth holding on to? Let's admit it: This is not one of the great moments for novel writing or for poetry (though they are not being replaced, as nitwits would have it, by nitwit impressionistic essays). The modern writer faces enormously difficult problems in a world where the assumptions that once bound individuals together and made relations significant seem increasingly inappropriate and absurd. It's not my purpose here to define these problems at any length; the occasional successes in modern literature have done that far better than I could hope to. Every writer who's worth a damn struggles with them in his own way and comes up with his own sort of solutions, most of them tentative, anguished, twisted, and incomplete.

But much of our writing, I'm sorry to say, lacks even these pitiful virtues. Much of it is simply empty, blank, sterile, and lacking in emotion, in wonder, or in any sense of human possibility. In its capacity to stir us, change us, or give a shape to our confusion, this writing is already drugged. It is drugged because its perpetrators, whether high or straight, are under the spell of a deadly cultural demimonde.

We see in some of the most fashionable writing at least six symptoms of an ordinary marijuana high: 1. An ecstatic melting, in which all things are seen as equally groovy. In this state one is relieved of troublesome moral problems. Whatever looks good, is good. 2. A depersonalization, in which the emotions of others are cause for mere amusement, or objects for aesthetic arrangement. An increasing number of craftsmen absorb themselves in creating intricate game-novels, in which the reader pulls back strand after strand of symbolic wrapping paper only to find the author crouched at the centre like a grinning toad. 3. Paranoia, in which every item in the social and political landscape is registered as a portentous menace to the lorn and lonely self. 4. Super-projection, in which the environment takes on the face of one's own desires. One melting novelist emits novel after novel in which he discovers that all of America from politics to sex is none other than himself and his own magnificent wish for pathic humiliation. Which leads me to 5. Narcissism, in which all the complexity and diversity of the world is whittled down and funnelled into one's own interest with one's own dear poor wonderful person. Which makes one a pigeon for self-pity and also 6. False illumination. Anyone who has ever smoked grass knows the grand swelling feeling of unprecedented Insight. Often you think the person grinning back at you is thinking the same thing—but you'd better not check, and you can't anyway while you're high. Of course, writers can test their illuminations by writing them down. Some people throw them away in the dawn's early light. Others publish them.

America's crying need for Instant Vision has led to a new form of hero worship which I might call guru worship. Anyone who has something

(*and a few home truths*) ABOUT NG DRUGS

by Jeremy Larner

simple to say that will raise up the chosen and put down the others can build himself into a guru, especially if he has some claim to being young, soft to touch, or from a primitive society, preferably dark in colour. No doubt, like rising drug sales, guru worship stems from the desperation we all feel. But there are alternative outlooks—harder but maybe more worthwhile—for those who aspire to write something that will be more than a symptom.

Meanwhile it is not only tempting but financially rewarding to pander to the mass appetite for the Mystic Word To End All Words. Recently New York subways have been plastered with portraits of Che Guevara decked out as Christ, and no doubt the appropriate publications will carry words and music to match. Soon there will be a Guevara men's cologne. Perhaps Che would indeed make a better messiah than Lyndon or Dylan, Westmoreland, Stokely, or Allen Ginsberg. (Perhaps not.) But when writers dissolve themselves in prose which deifies one or the other, paints him in drug-radiations of holy simplicity, they must destroy some part of themselves that they need to write with.

I refer to the part that thinks, that makes distinctions, that sees in detail, that seeks to understand, that worships vastness and variety, that wants to know—and to show—how big things and little things work together and how they look, down to their private parts, and in their public parts, too.

The greatest thing writers have going for them—every one of them, even the most debased hack, flack, or parasite—is the possibility that an individual might stand back for a moment and truly *see* something, all by himself, and tell us what he sees without falling back on the staleness of any in-group vision or the magic of any medicine.

Luckily there will always be a few scribblers too rough-edged and ornery to accept the invitation. You can't make a slick fop from a sow's ear, no matter how many prescriptions, subscriptions, or media mixtures you expose him to. But the drug cult has been joined by many, is getting its message to many more, and in fact has already succeeded, through its truly remarkable advertising contacts, in connecting itself with art. (Of course as distinctions blur in a haze of pot smoke, the turned-on huckster becomes a self-appointed artist, with a page from McLuhan as an I.D. card.) In an age when for many God and Country have receded into the wallpaper, art is believed in more urgently than ever. This is good in a way—it will put more bread on the table for good writers as well as for the rest. But the kind of art in which one man sits down all alone and lays his soul on the line to get something right is likely to be too hard and too bulky for slick packaging. Art is increasingly a product to be merchandised like any other product—and so is the artistic identity. According to all the popular buying guides, one consumes the artistic identity in the form of drugs. To quote William Burroughs, "Wouldn't you?"

What happens to most faithful consumers is not very pleasant. I don't know how well-known this is to people who have an ideological admiration for drug taking as the mark of a brave new generation which will save the world and make it pure. But I have had too many friends who started out as artists—talented, promising people, not just "sensitive"—who ended up as mental cases, suicides or, more often, just plain vegetables—owing to drugs. Now I know, to anticipate a sophisticated objection, that without drugs most of these people would have found some other potentially destructive experience, as artists always have. But for me the point is that nearly any other dangerous experience is more conducive to growth, more useful as literary material.

The number of wasted souls is particularly evident among would-have-been writers under twenty-five years old. I suspect there's a compulsion for a young ambitious person to take whatever's going as a challenge, as Fitzgerald and many others did with liquor. With drugs, the results can be even more disastrous. Even if we forget about the more dramatic cases, we still are faced with the man who manages to grow older without ever having been alone with himself straight. There's nothing more pathetic than a forty-year-old hipster, coming home from his creative day at the agency or studio to put a teen-age record on the stereo, get high, and giggle. When he's really high, he'll go out and go shopping: I'm afraid that buying the truly freaky is the ultimate act of existential rebellion in the drug culture.

I want to mention, finally, a less metaphysical effect that drugs have on writers and artists. As D. H. Lawrence once wrote, "When men want to be supernatural, be sure that something has gone wrong in their natural stuff."

A few years ago I remember arguing about drugs with a friend of mine who had been on the Greenwich Village scene since the early fifties, a lady who has had intimate knowledge of more poets and painters than anyone I could conceive of. The lady has since changed her mind about everyday drug takers, for the most basic of reasons. "I don't know anyone," she said, "who's been on speed, junk, dex, or alcohol to any large extent who's been able to enjoy sex or really to stick with it." And she adds a piece of sociology that is probably more acute than anything I've said here: "The young artist comes to the city and everything gets up tight—the air, the pressures, the competition, the confusions over sex, the different scenes. And he figures drugs are a door. The door opens real crazy. But it slams shut right on his sex life."

EDITOR'S NOTE: A tall, restless, thirty-year-old man with a bandit's black moustache, Jeremy Larner has turned himself into the Boswell of the young and disaffected. He has made all the scenes and written articles at once sympathetic and objective about the hang-ups, pleasures, and dangers of America's phenomenal new generation. A reporter, Mr. Larner is in addition a novelist. His first novel, *Drive, He Said*, won the Delta Award in 1964. His newest, *The Answer*, describes from the inside and the outside an LSD trip. His effort, as chancy and sometimes as unsuccessful as tight-rope walking, is in both fiction and non-fiction to tell it like it is.


Cartier
Patek

TIME TO GET READY, SET...AND GO

Watch the new faces, watch the action on the board. The name of the game is GO and the big time players are shaping up in luxurious new ways—ovalled rectangles, squared and rounded rectangles, and huge smooth circles bigger than the black and white stones that mark the moves in this intriguing Japanese game...and mark the time here. For details on the watches, see page 140

TIME TO RING IN THE *New*

Time on your hands, time on your fingers—watches in new shapes, with vivid new faces....Vividest face of all, Veruschka's, opposite—a painted fantasy of time set in an ovalled frame of painted black enamel—by Sant' Angelo, who also dreamed up the hand-painted hands on this page. Details on all the watches, page 140.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

Liza Minnelli and
MORE FASHION
THAN MONEY–
A SMASH OF SUMMER LOOKS, ALL UNDER $100

Lingerie touches and touches of white...frills and transparencies...weskits and wrap dresses ...belts...bloomers...borders of scallops—all you could want in fashion for summer—including prices that won't make you hate yourself in the morning....Laughing all the way to the bank on these first six pages: Liza Minnelli, an eager, adorable, long-legged poupée of a girl with a thatch of dark hair and eyes like shiny chocolate dollars, wide with delight in everything she does—playing club dates; making movies (*Charlie Bubbles* was her first, her next is getting ready to roll); cutting records (*Liza Minnelli* is her newest album); and being right in the thick of the fashion fun—like this.... Bloomer girl, left: Liza's kind of romp—a leggy little bloomer dress in fresh white eyelet, frilled at the wrists, frilled at the legs, and tied up on the waist with black ribbon. By Youth Guild, of Dacron and cotton; about $50. At Henri Bendel; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Jack Gilbert earrings at Lord & Taylor. Tights by Beautiful Bryans, at Bonwit Teller. The three-quarter-length dress for evening, right: black jersey sashed in satin, with spills of black lace ruffling down the front and making alluring shadows over hands and legs. From Etcetera, Du Pont nylon (sash added): $90. All Liza Minnelli's coifs, by Maury of Kenneth.



BERT STERN

Liza Minnelli and
MORE FASHION THAN MONEY—
THE WESKIT AND THE TRANSPARENT SHIRT



Why is this girl smiling? Obviously, Liza, left, knows a good thing when she sees it—like a weskit suit in lineny peach with a ruffled black voile shirt, so sheer you can see her arms through the sleeves. Stan Herman for Mr. Mort; about $55. Weskit and skirt of rayon-and-linen, a Hamilton Adams fabric; shirt of Stoffel-Galey & Lord cotton voile. At Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; Sakowitz. Earrings by Monet, at Bonwit Teller. The shirtwaist dress is everybody's romance, right—especially when the shirt part is all pleated brown cotton voile, sheer as can be, with throatband and tab of palest beige Fibranne—same fabric that makes the shirt cuffs and the belted flare of skirt. By Gino Charles; Stoffel-Galey & Lord cotton. About $80. Lord & Taylor; Higbee; Gidding-Jenny; I. Magnin. Beautiful Bryans tights at Bonwit Teller. Napier earrings; Marvella ball rings; Coro animal ring.

BERT STERN





Liza Minnelli and MORE FASHION THAN MONEY— TOUCHES OF WHITE



White collar, white cuffs, white tab, left: what more could you ask of a navy voile shirtdress? Narrow sleeves? These are the narrowest. Some flare to the skirt? That too—it starts low, stops short. A nifty price tag? $26 just about does it. By Joan Arkin of Dacron and cotton; junior sizes. Lord & Taylor; Filene's; Joseph Horne; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Vendôme earrings. Marvella ring. Hudson tights.

Flashes of white, lots of dots, right, and a black patent belt on a black and white dress with peaks of lace on the large white collar and deep cuffs. Joan Arkin; junior sizes. Dacron and cotton (Avila fabric). About $25; Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; J. W. Robinson's. Vendôme jewellery. Berkshire tights.


MORE
FASHION
THAN
MONEY–
GREAT LITTLE
FINDS TO ZING
UP A SUMMER

Belted weskit, dirndl, top left, a newsy look for time being, time coming—everything, rusty orange Fortrel and rayon with a linen texture. By Junior Sophisticates, of Cohama fabric; about $70. At Bonwit Teller; Jacobson's, Michigan. Handchain of heart-links, by Maison de Fou. Coiffure: Alan of Kenneth. Chocolate brown, iced with a white belt, lower left, a good-as-gold dress with a straight skinny shape, buttoned tabs for a white belt to tunnel through. By Bardley, of rayon and flax with linen texture; about $16. At Altman's; Bramson. Earrings by Napier; rings by Napier and Vendôme. Coiffure: Maury of Kenneth. Sunny scallops, centre, at the neck and hem of a breezy little dress with an easy little price. Linen-textured, yellow. By Leslie Fay, of rayon and flax (Crown Fabric); about $30. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; J. W. Robinson. Vendôme earrings. Monet bracelets (bells added). Castlecliff ring. Coiffure: Alan of Kenneth. Scrolls and smocking, this page, of black and white jersey—a smart-money's-worth with little sleeves, low neck, whole bodice shaped with smocking. By Wilroy, a Ban-Lon dress of Monsanto Blue C nylon; about $70. Delivery mid-May. At Bergdorf Goodman; Frost Bros. K. J. L. earrings. Calderon belt. The coiffure by Alan of Kenneth.



MORE FASHION
THAN MONEY-
THE MINI-
WRAP DRESS
TIED LIKE
A ROBE

BERT STERN



Checked gingham, far left, purple and white, a charming wrapped dress with a surprise of black lace edging the ruffles all around. By Stan Herman for Mr. Mort, of Dan River cotton; about $40. At Best & Co.; Wanamaker's, Phila.; I. Magnin. Trifari puff-ball earrings, at Best & Co. Dots with reverses, top centre, a bow-tied wraparound dress of brown coin dots on white cotton, a runaround ruffle going the other way—white dots on brown. By Carmen C.; $45 at Gimbels. Cassandra Hughes earrings. Foulard dots, this page, white and tiny on a brown wrap dress like a tailored bathrobe with a shawl collar and cuffs of white piqué. By Weber Originals, of Fortrel and Avril (Wamsutta fabric); about $19. At Franklin Simon; Burdine's; Sakowitz; Bullock's, Downtown. K. J. L. earrings. Latinas sandals. All the costumes by Alan of Kenneth.

MORE FASHION THAN MONEY—
A NEW STAR ON THE SHIRT AND SKIRT TEAM—
THE WESKIT



Side-buttoned weskit, above, one of the great little weskit shapes now—snug, short, with its own little rounded collar. Over a black and white checked dirndl, wide belt, white shirt of rayon crêpe with pointed collar. By Elite Juniors, weskit and skirt of rayon and flax; turnout, about $70. Bloomingdale's; Dayton's; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Knee socks by Sapphire. V-cut weskit, opposite, chopped just at the waist, three buttons. With a dirndl of the same fabric—black Fortrel and rayon. Shirt of white cotton with a bow at the neck. By Laurence Gross; weskit and skirt of Cohama fabric; about $80 for all. At Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Napier earrings. Monet bracelets. All at Bonwit Teller. Castle-tilt rug. Coiffure by Alan of Kenneth.





MORE FASHION THAN MONEY—
THE CHEMISE LACOSTE,
WRAPPED WITH A
WIDE 5-TOGGLE BELT

Passports to summer, first issued on our January 1 cover—Lacoste shirts long enough to be dresses, with little collars to wear open, slits up the sides. Both of these, by David Crystal, of double-knitted Dacron, held tight at the waist by very wide stretch belts with leather strips at the fronts, a clutch of metal toggle fasteners. White collar, left, rounded like a man's shirt collar, on a sleeveless Chemise Lacoste of navy blue wrapped tight, here, with a wide white belt. White dress, right, with a pointed collar, short sleeves, a wide navy belt. On both, crocodile insignia of paler blue. Each Chemise Lacoste, about $30. Both at Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Hudson's; Dayton's; Harzfeld's; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Belts by Elegant, at De Pinna. Latinas sandals: I. Magnin. Coiffures by Alan of Kenneth.

BERT STERN



THE WESKIT, AND FRIENDS— 2 SHIRTS, 2 SKIRTS



VOGUE PATTERN 7251
VOGUE PATTERN 7355
VOGUE PATTERN 6099

VOGUE PATTERNS

Great for shirts and skirts now—the weskit that goes over, with a bang.... Two for the weskit, left—a shirt with Buster Brown collar, French cuffs; dirndl skirt with patch pockets. Weskit with a high V neck, four buttons, little points over the waist. Shirt, Vogue Pattern 7251. Dirndl, Vogue Pattern 7355. Weskit, Vogue Pattern 6099. Accessocraft cuff links, at Best & Co. Around the neck: a chain belt with a bell, by Elegant; another chain and medallion by Ruza Creations; a small pendant by Napier. Echo tie. Two more, right, for the same weskit —a shirt with little neckband, a skirt with a wraparound look, zipped up the back. Shirt, Vogue Pattern 7354. Skirt, Vogue Pattern 7252. Same weskit pattern. Flemming pendant, at Altman's. Belts by Roger Van S and John Romain. Ring by Napier. Weskit and both skirts here, of brown cotton twill by Stevens. Both shirts, of beige Fortrel and cotton by Stevens. Both pages: Bonnie Doon knee socks, at Altman's. Customcraft shoes: Lord & Taylor. Coiffures by Ellen Kulesa of Nan Orcel. For other views, sizes, yardages, see page 40.

VOGUE PATTERN 7354
VOGUE PATTERN 7252

CELLULITE

Like a swift migrating fish the word *cellulite* has suddenly crossed the Atlantic. Straight out of French beauty lore, purely colloquial, and totally untranslatable, it springs as quickly to American lips as *le drugstore* does to French.

And this is what it means: cellulite is fat accumulated in stubborn globules in such areas as the hips, thighs, inside the knees, the nape of the neck; fat that's not at all like flab—that's why it's so stubborn; fat that presses against the fishnet of retaining fibres near the skin's surface and bulges through them, creating a "cobblestone" or *peau d'orange* look. Fat that turns the lithe slow curves of woman's body into something less than ornamental, turns off the whole idea of wearing bikinis and the delicious bared dresses of the moment.



"La Grande Odalisque" by Ingres, left—sweeping, sensuous curves; no cellulite.... Above, an orange—skin with this texture is the sign of cellulite.

To shed cellulite you must first recognize that it's there. Obviously, if your weight is pretty much what it ought to be from your point of view and your doctor's, and you still have fatty pads bulging obnoxiously at the back of the hipbones, or thighs that won't pass for svelte, the chances are fairly good that you have cellulite. If you shine a light on the suspect spot, it will throw slight, glancing shadows because the skin is bulgy. Many women—especially those who have superbly trained masseuses—maintain that they first became aware of their cellulite problems because a certain area proved painful during the course of even the most informed kneading—not the whole thigh, perhaps, but just the top or the outer edge. Some maintain that they can diagnose themselves by experimental pinching in pudgy areas—we're not so sure, since even a taut-thighed physician who skis like a Killy-dream demonstrated to us that he could, by pinching here, there, and everywhere, find some tender spots on his own thighs. He also remarked that, although he has seen cellulite in every country he's been to, until now he has never heard anyone outside of France complain about it.

One alert young American told her story this way: "I lost a lot of weight when I was young and never did any exercise except for riding; the fat left over had time to become pretty well established—the hardest kind to get rid of. . . . You never think at sixteen or seventeen of doing all sorts of exercises, you only become conscious of that when you're about twenty-two; it's getting to be too late. . . . If you go to Europe at all, I think cellulite is something you become aware of—you hear or read about it, and everyone who gives you a massage in Europe says, 'Beware! you have cellulite.' . . . I get it on the hips."

As she is now patently as slim as a young palm, and admits to having dwindled from 39″ hips to 35″, 34″, we asked for facts, please. "It's a result of three things—exercise, of standing correctly with weight evenly distributed on both feet, and then a special rolling pin which only the knowledgeable [this girl has learned the technique] should use." The rolling pin is, in fact, a double-barrelled affair; on each barrel are five multi-pronged rubber tires, and the idea is to roll up, up, up the cellulite but not to go at it too hard—aside from the temporary and visible evidence of deep black and blue marks, one risks breaking down that fishnet of retaining fibres that gives the skin its contour. And that spells trouble. Once destroyed, these fibres never come back; therefore, go gently into the rolling-pin routine.

The exercise road to success involves routines familiar to every American woman. It goes like this: (1) Sit on the floor; walk hard on your derrière. (2) Lie on your side and "bicycle" or scissors-kick. (3) Lie flat on floor, knees bent up. Slap thighs from side to side, swinging legs up in the air.

As for massage: it's important to find someone who has a definite acquaintance with the concept of cellulite, and though France may be its spiritual home, many of the best masseuses who fill the bill in America seem to be Finnish. "You have to *search* for these people, and it's important," warned our sylphy friend, "that they work *with* the muscle, not against it."

In Europe treatments for cellulite vary from acupuncture ("nothing's ever been proved, in spite of the Chinese," said our man in New York) to micro-massage (this is either Chinese or Japanese, may be done with one finger or with a small ball of ivory mounted on a wooden handle) to sea baths which sound uncommonly pleasant.

The seaside cure and several others practised by French clinics concentrate on the "cellulite of anxiety" which is thought to attack "nervous, anguished, insomniac, tense women," and may be explained in much the

the new word for fat you couldn't lose before

same terms as overweight caused by tension which is an established fact everywhere and may change both a woman's hormonal balance and her usual pattern of fat accumulation—zut! alors! cellulite. For sea baths one goes to Trouville "to say an 'ouf!' of relief. Four days, eight days, or fifteen, and you forget everything in scalding baths of sea water laced with algae, reviving thread-thin showers, physiotherapy, massage under hot water" (by the laws of chemistry anything that works works faster with heat). Above all you relax, spending hours looking at the great grey waves of the northern sea. The rhythm and the view are pure Boudin; "one gets thinner, one gets younger, and one finds one's moral and physical equilibrium."

At another famously French clinic, the word is, "Don't let yourself be hypnotized by your weight . . . banish from your mind all the tiny annoyances of daily life, keep your serenity." Thus lulled, patients are then encouraged to demonstrate will power. There is a diet régime of 1,200 calories a day:

BREAKFAST: tea or coffee without sugar

10 O'CLOCK: an apple

NOON: 5 oz. of meat or fish, or two eggs
7 oz. of green vegetables—raw or cooked
1 fruit

FOUR O'CLOCK: an apple

EVENING: 4 oz. of meat or lean fish
a salad
a fruit

Nothing to drink, or at any rate not more than a wineglassful

SEASONING: At each meal you can have
1 tablespoonful of butter
or
1 tablespoonful of oil

Parsley, lemon, vinegar. No salt, no pepper, no mustard, no spices.

VEGETABLES: 7 oz. per meal

Artichokes	Mushrooms	Summer squash	Spinach
Asparagus	Peppers	Zucchini	Green beans
Eggplant	Tomatoes	Cucumbers	Lettuce
Beets	Chickory	Watercress	Turnips
Carrots	White cabbage	Radishes	Leeks
Celery	Brussels sprouts	Endive	Boiled potatoes (once a week)

FISH AND MEATS: 5 oz. per meal (this can be replaced by two eggs)

Hake	Whiting	Chicken
Sea-bream	Beef	Rabbit
Sole	Veal	Non-salted ham
Dab	Lamb	(only 2½ oz. of this)

FRUITS: All fruits are allowed; not more than 3 per day

DRINKS: Vittel, Contrex, Evian, tea or coffee without sugar
Always drink *between* meals, one hour before or two hours after. Drink no carbonated water.
Before bedtime, have a tisane of cherry stems.

Despite their 1,200 calories of what seems to us pretty energizing food, patients are encouraged to stay in bed twenty hours out of twenty-four; otherwise, treatments are tailored to individual problems. And there's one admonition they're urged to carry with them forever, "avoid sports except for swimming." *That* stopped us cold until our American M.D., sending out sparks in all directions, explained: "Look at a track team, and then look at a swimming team—especially the distance swimmers. Swimming makes for good even distribution of fat and a smooth line—none of the bunchiness you see in runners."

Parisians who can't find time for a clinic régime can check in at a variety of salons just as they might for a coiffure or facial. Among them: the Orlane Institut de Beauté which specializes in thermo-massage—a massage under warm water in a large metal tub. After this, the paraffin treatment—the body is completely covered with a coat of warm wax; as this dries, it creates a "seal" which causes liberal perspiration, and therefore general weight loss. For problem areas there are localized mud baths followed by a "massage" of hot compressed air that pulsates in a most reviving manner.

At Carita, an extraordinary masseuse named Judith who is a great favourite with American visitors quite rightly points out that many women must take off weight before they can pinpoint their efforts on the cellulite areas. She also suggests a complete medical checkup (it's important to know that one's metabolism is properly tuned up to begin with, the hormone balance is reasonable, et cetera). Then on to cellulite. Judith recommends a sauna to warm the body—chemistry again; a massage which may be followed by the "deep suction" action of an electric vibrator. To polish you off, Judith curries you like a horse with a bristle brush until you're pink and tingly all over—it's good for the circulation.

Or, if you're American, you may turn to that reassuring home from home, Elizabeth Arden, where they will tell you whether a steam bath or a paraffin bath is your thing, then give you a session with a vibrating machine, followed by a manual massage. The doctor in residence, a thin man, believes dieting is good for you and is something of a water fiend—urges everyone to drink one and a half to two litres a day of Vittel or Contrex.

As of this spring, thirteen Elizabeth Arden salons in America as well as the Maine Chance seraglios will be alerted to the American woman's new awareness of cellulite—a late bulletin which means that organized instructive help is on the way for Us Too.

"Mania of the saddle"—if you hear this phrase in Rome, dismiss the whole idea that it has anything to do with the *caccia alla volpe* and all those splendid horses. It is, in point of fact, and we have this from a glorious creature who lives in Rome, cellulite of the hips. Her diligence in attacking this leads us to feel that *dolce far niente* is dead. Two to three times a week she goes to a masseur who specializes in this field, and after thirty minutes' to an hour's massage, she does gymnastics for at least an hour, sometimes more. The massage is preceded by dry heat from an infra-red lamp and often followed by the application of cold wet towels to step up circulation. At home, in between these strenuous sessions, she exercises with Abercrombie & Fitch weights, which means, of course, that you get double the goodness from every motion. . . . There was a time when she and some of her friends gave themselves injections of thiomucaze but stopped because it made them ill. According to (Continued on page 144)

NEW BEAUTY VOCABULARY,

NEW BEAUTY DEFINITIONS

Words that give you the picture, definitions of face, figure, and health happenings, the allover complexion of now....

Ecology: How you relate to your environment, a relationship being improved by cosmetics makers. The chemical brains are brewing skin-care recipes and makeup to cope with specific environmental problems—air pollution. humidity. aridity. One such ecological program, for city skins, detailed page 48. . . . Cellulite: A fat that comes in globules, not flab; sometimes referred to as "tapioca." (How women are shedding it, page 110.) . . . Not to be confused with cellulitis, inflammation of cellular tissues, a disease that has nothing to do with cellulite. . . . Not to be confused with cellular therapy, a recharging treatment of human bodies with animal cells—a fascinating possibility. . . .



Highbrow: Name of trick currently enlarging, widening eyes; sometimes achieved by lightening eyebrow, sometimes by shaving off brow, then drawing delicate Garboish line—higher, lighter, archer than one's own

Masks. masks. masks, masques: Four shades of meaning. 1. The fantasy mask. making reentry as part of costume. The functional mask, holding eye cream on at night. 2. The sunglass mask, wrapping eyes. 3. The drawn-on mask, eyes shadowed over and under. right into hairline. 4. The treatment masque. going on smart faces "upside-down." Apply with feet elevated, head lowered. Speeds masque's efficiency. . . .

Daytime gold rush: Gold makeup seeing daylight. Not metallic, but subtle "gold à glow-glow."...

Smoker's skin: Is there such a thing? Maybe. A West German clinical study of skin age has demonstrated "a striking parallel" between the intensity and duration of cigarette consumption and the relative aging of skin....

OO-WHEE: That's name of an exercise that Gayle Hunnicutt, the bright young star of *P.J.*, does to keep mouth in shape. Purse lips, say "oo," smile wide, say "whee." Helps mobilize, relax, de-thin, and de-taut the generous mouth in fashion. . . .

More new beauty words, next page

The changing face:

Its makeup changes to define its mood. The mood,
right, relates to caftans, jibbas, saris,
speaks of Eastern jewellery with turquoised eyes,
brilliant coral mouth, cast in a golden face.
Revlon provided the jeweller's tools,
an Ultima II transparent fact tint, in a deeply-sunned shade
that speaks of Eastern "noonlight"; Patina Teal
eye shadows; Brow Lightener and Toner to lighten
the brows. Two lipsticks make the mouth:
Revlon's Mexicoral 45 over Coral 50....
Bandura burnoose of nylon designed by Ruth Bekker;
$32, at Henri Bendel. . . .

The moving hand:

Moving into protective gloves, lotions, sunproof makeup.
Nails being sturdied by pure protein nail strengtheners.
Entire hand moving into the possibility of
agelessness. . . . Fingers, *left,* moving into rings.,
Owl on forefinger; golden lion on middle finger,
by Coro. Golden flower with fake ruby on fourth finger, by
Freirich. Golden coil on little finger by Sona The Golden One.
Making a moving picture with Kodak's little genius,
the Instamatic M12 movie camera,
a palm-fitting affair that needs no focusing,
loads instantly; under $30....

FRANCO RUBARTELLI





NEW BEAUTY VOCABULARY

How high can an exposed midriff go?

Good beauty question. Whatever the answer, no more middle-of-the-roading for midriffs. If they're bared, they're beautiful. That's it. Tautened by exercises that direct themselves firmly to midriff (see one such, page 122), made lithe by a constant consciousness of how a midriff should look, dressed or undressed. Exposed midriffs gleam with bronzing action, with highlights. Like the one above from Paris, Courrèges's cape flung aside, above hip-hung Bermuda shorts, to reveal what a midriff should be prepared for: only two yellow daisies between it and the neck, between it and the world. . . .

Body counter: Lie down and be counted—in a new machine that tots up how much of you is what. Body composition studies at St. Luke's Hospital in New York measure your body fat, cell mass, water, can tell a doctor which a body should reduce—and how. . . .

Body complexion: As important as the facial complexion. Three steps start with *moisturizing*—all over to give entire birthday suit consistent texture. Then massage briskly with a *bronzing gel.* Repeat until right colour; with each layer, you get darker. Dab a *face gleamer* on shoulder front, collarbone, top of bosom, cleavage. Streak down midriff. Blend if it looks too cosmetic-y. But by all means reapply if it looks timid. . . .

Self-hypnosis: New technique being taught by psychiatrists to solve problems that affect looks: e.g., overweight, oversmoking, anxiety, insomnia. . . .

Beauty sleep: Meaningful phrase in the beauty lexicon as woman's commitments mount. No beauty of our time admits to needing less than eight hours. ("Seven is just no good. Eight is bearable. Ten is my dream," said Faye Dunaway.) You've heard about Thomas Edison and his three hours a night? You know some contemporary wizards who flourish on a little 3-5 A.M. snooze? Notice they all are men. Beauty is not their business. . . .

Swimming figure: Long considered a near-perfect exercise, swimming is now gaining new credentials at certain European clinics, among certain American doctors, as *the* perfect sport for figure keeping. It works the entire body, distributes its blessings impartially, builds no bulky patches. . . .

Charmaceuticals: Good name for new breed of cosmetic double-doers that treat the skin as they give it desired softness, colour, coverage, charm. . . .

The mouth: new definition

That's the cause demonstrated, right. Mouth and eyes in a well-defined balancing act. Pink #11 lipstick from the Geminesse collection (Max Factor the collector): further defined with an iridescent glow from an ingenious new Lip Accent Stick, slender and small and glimmered. Pink Frost #45 is its number. . . . That very same pink blush that connoted grace among ladies of ancient Japan is brought now, Kabuki-ly, by Max Factor to the contemporary Occidental eye with new pink and Burgundy eye shadow powders, above the charcoal grey. Luminous finish of skin: courtesy of Geminesse Flowing Cream Makeup in Demi Beige. . . . A pretty articulation, created in Europe for this photograph by Marc Laurent of Max Factor. . . .

GENE LAURENTS



Perfection TAKES A LITTLE WHILE

On a ship, unpack and play Utopia

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW

Invariably, on this morning of your departure, the apartment looks harassed. For one thing, it has not had enough sleep (all those empty glasses, that dishevelled sofa, the *dust*) so it listens testily to your last minute instructions (get that rug cleaned, have the bathroom faucet fixed), knowing that your mind is not really on its welfare: It has seen you pat the pocket wherein lie your passport, those telephone numbers in Bombay, and your money, that fresh, clean money it will never get a cent of for its domestic purposes. No wonder, when finally you shut the door, it says a fervent Thank God.

How right it was. For you are fleeing as from a dead love; you are on your way to an assignation with a new and better life. A ship. Any ship.

At least that is the way it is with me. There is that moment which no matter how often repeated, never loses its excitement, when, standing as high on a ship as I can manage, I watch the last line go, and see us slowly back out into the Hudson. It is then I forget all yesterdays, and begin to feel irresponsible.

Of course, perfection takes a little while. You must have first the clean breaths of sea air, you must have the first pure sea sound, a bell buoy, you must say over to yourself those beautiful sea words, The Narrows, Gravesend, Sandy Hook; and most of all, you must let your guilts slip away, as the sea gulls which are following the ship slip away, one by one. A hundred miles out there should be no guilts, as there are no sea gulls.

It is time then for that first, that perfect Martini. But watch yourself, for you are in a state of grace. Anything can happen.

To enjoy the sea, you must not think of a ship as a way to get somewhere. For that, take an airplane, and good luck. No, a great modern ship like the S.S. "United States" is as near achievement as pathetic man has come in his long quest for Utopia. Consider, there are no poor, no oppressed, no starving, no jails or policemen or armies, most likely no anarchists; the air is pure; you have pleasant fellow citizens to talk to and play with, and—a point that is usually vague in most Utopias—there is someone to do the cooking and make the beds. I say, when you run into a situation like this, unpack and play house. You will only too soon be back to the terrors of dry land. Enjoy, while there is still time.

I am much devoted to sloth and gluttony. Unfortunately on land I can not afford either to the extent I would like. But at sea—well, the last great ship I crossed on was the S.S. "United States," and to say that it was concerned with my virtues would not be true. The sloth it encouraged, but the gluttony it pandered to. *I had enough caviar.* Is that plain? Sitting at my table in the veranda café, looking out through the window at the blue meadows of the Atlantic, I had enough caviar. I remember saying to that avuncular pander, my waiter, "How much of this stuff do you have on board?" "About a ton," he said. "I'll have some more," I said. No other Utopia was ever like this.

But I care for them all—the schooner in the Bahamas, the husky hydrofoil scooting across the Inland Sea of Japan, that ship in the Indian Ocean, escorted by a hundred dolphins, the ancient painted prostitute that connects the Greek Islands, the risky freighter in the China Sea, which was so good for viewing a yellow moon, the little liner rocking gently across the Pacific, and anybody's boat on Long Island Sound—whatever moves and is surrounded by water, I love.

Young beauty... Mary Victoria Leiter

Willow-tall and slender, with dark-brown eyes and a plunge of sleek dark-brown hair, Mary Victoria Leiter has, at seventeen, the beauty of a young Yseult—poetic, mysterious, with a quality of stillness. . . . She is named for another American beauty, her great-aunt, Mary Victoria Leiter of Chicago, who in 1895 married Lord Curzon of Kedleston, a brilliant young English statesman who became Viceroy of India soon afterward. With him, Lady Curzon presided over the Great Durbar of 1903 that represented, perhaps, the apogee of British Imperial power and splendour. Lady Curzon, who died in 1906, was described by a contemporary writer as a young woman of "outstanding beauty and great sweetness of character." . . . The present-day Mary Victoria will graduate in June from Mount Vernon Seminary, in Washington; future plans include a coming-out party in Newport in August, then college, where she plans to concentrate on music and political science. She adores skiing, dislikes horses, plays the guitar and sings folk music. Her mother, Mrs. Oates Leiter, of Washington, is a committee member for the J. O. B. Feather Ball to be held in New York on May eighth . . . its purpose, helping the physically disabled to find jobs they can hold successfully. Each year, Just One Break helps close to a thousand people return to a productive life.

CECIL BEATON



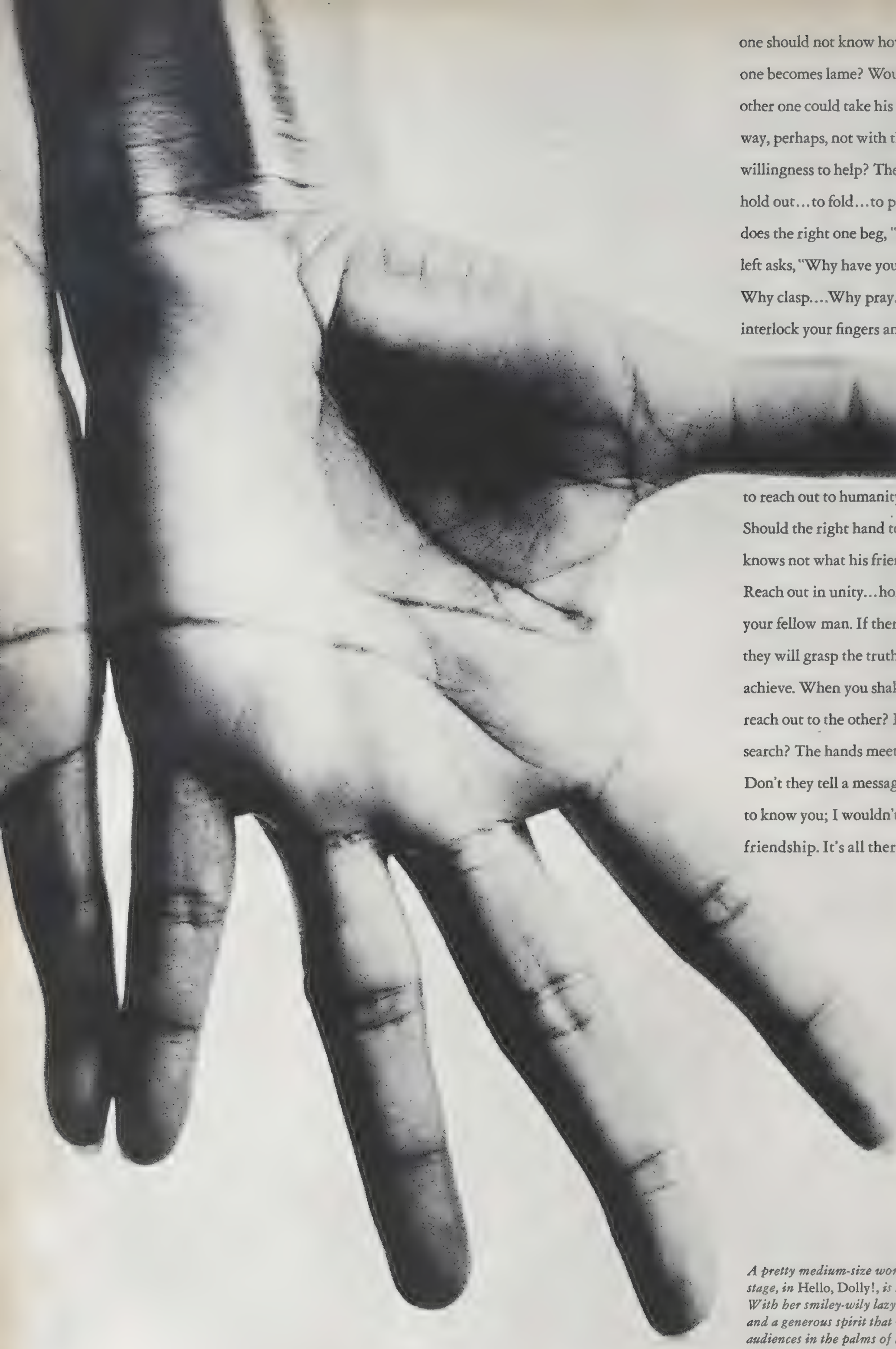
TWO HANDS AND A
POINT OF VIEW

by pearl bailey



Some folks say "never let your right hand know what your left hand is doing."...Tell me when is there ever going to be cooperation between these two members of the body that hang so loosely at the end of the wrists. Should one hold gold in the right hand and beg with the left? Should one smack the cheek with the left and not the right?

The powers may be different in both hands, but together they swing the pendulum. Why over-exercise one? If you write with the right hand, don't you hold the paper with the left?—or vice versa? Is not holding the paper as important as writing it down—for should the pen slip couldn't the error be so costly you would wish you had never had either hand to even put the words down? Should you paint the fingers of the left hand and leave bare the right? What's the big secret between the two? If the hands are honest, what secret is so great that



one should not know how the other functions? Suppose one becomes lame? Wouldn't it be wonderful if the other one could take his brother's place—not the same way, perhaps, not with the same purpose, but with the willingness to help? The hands are to express and to hold out...to fold...to pray. When we clasp them, does the right one beg, "Lord have mercy," while the left asks, "Why have you no mercy, Lord?"
Why clasp....Why pray....Unite, dear hands—
interlock your fingers and ask for strength in both hands

to reach out to humanity...to stretch forth to reality. Should the right hand touch with love and the left, who knows not what his friend doeth, touch in hatred? Reach out in unity...hold on with united strength to your fellow man. If there are no secrets between them, they will grasp the truth faster, work together and achieve. When you shake hands, doesn't one person reach out to the other? Isn't that the beginning of the search? The hands meet—hands of strangers—friends. Don't they tell a message...I like you; I would like to know you; I wouldn't like to go further with our friendship. It's all there, friends: Strangers become

friends...friends become
strangers—with these
hands—the secret is out—
the hands have spoken
and they have said a
"message of truth." I reach
mine out to you—
come with me in love
and feel all my strength.

A pretty medium-size woman in real life, Pearl Bailey on stage, in Hello, Dolly!, *is ten-feet tall and Pearlie Victorious. With her smiley-wily lazy-daisy voice, her amused glance, and a generous spirit that warms like love, she holds entire audiences in the palms of her extraordinary expressive hands, photographed here. No effort is visible—Pearl Bailey clearly knows her own strength, when to spend and when to reserve; rather than give numberless interviews, she prefers to say it just once, in her own words...as she does here and as she does in her autobiography* A Raw Pearl, *which Harcourt Brace & World will publish this fall.*

BERT STERN



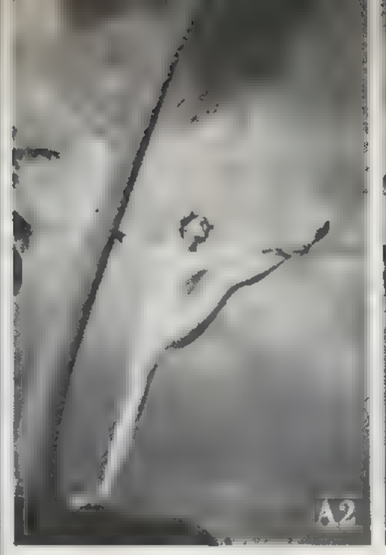
For dreamy nights, dreamy mornings—even for dreamy days on the beach—dreamy lingerie in white and wide-awake colours, here reflecting sunlight and turquoise sea along the southern strip of Santo Domingo coastline called, appropriately, Paraíso, or Paradise...one of a cache of palmy, uncluttered stretches of heaven on this warm, languorous island. Rise and shine, above, in a zigzag-patterned white mini-wrap edged all around with ruffles, deeply V'd, wrapped up here with the sash of its matching nightdress, not shown. By Chuck Howard for Tempo, of Dacron and cotton. (Wamsutta fabric). The robe, $25. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Higbee; Neiman-Marcus. Mini-jump for sleeping, above right: lithe and white and lacy, with more lace ruffling down the front zipper; tied in white satin. By Eve Stillman; nylon and cotton. About $18. Saks Fifth Avenue; Shillito's; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz. The little piqué wrap-coat, right: cover at breakfast, cover at the beach—white cotton piqué mini-wrap with deep bands of Cluny lace on the sleeves and hem; a snug wrap of sash. By Sylvia Pedlar for Iris. About $26. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. All ribbons by Century Ribbon Mills....Dreamy legs might get that way with Frances Denney's Bare Allusion, a sheer satiny body makeup that tans legs evenly, waterproof-ly....Coiffures, these ten pages: Hugh Harrison—here, all braided and tied with brightly-coloured ribbons like the hair of the island children.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

DREAMY—

TEN PAGES OF DELICIOUS NEW WAKING AND SLEEPING LOOKS, ALL PHOTOGRAPHED ON VERUSCHKA IN SANTO DOMINGO

DREAMY-NEW WAYS TO STRETCH YOURSELF INTO MARVELLOUS SHAPE





Cats know it. Dancers know it. Veruschka knows it. One great way to stay in shape is to stretch. S-t-r-e-t-c-h. It's huffless, puffless exercise, and it works. And the dreamy part is —it's enjoyable. Here, in the sun of Santo Domingo with a palm tree for support, Veruschka does her thing. And with the help of Olga Ley, we've adapted it for you. Mrs. Ley, a former ballet dancer who studied under Fokine, now teaches dance exercise for figure control at her New York studio at 25 West 15th St. For equipment, if you're exercising at home, she suggests a tall chest of drawers and Chopin's Nocturnes instead of palm tree and Santo Domingo sunshine . . . that you start with exercise C and work back to A . . . and that you do the exercises daily, but not for any set number of times—they'll become easier as you go, and you'll want to do more. Always move slowly, smoothly, stretching yourself as long as possible. No rush.

Leg stretch: (A1) Holding on to a firm support with the right hand, bend the left knee up and out to your side, grasping the inside of the heel with your left hand, keeping arms







and shoulders relaxed. Slowly straighten the left leg (A2), keeping back and the other leg straight all the time (A3). Stretch stretch stretch, up as high as you can go—as at left. Return to standing position, and repeat with right leg. If that's stretching it a bit far, hold the inside of the knee rather than the heel and start low, until you've loosened up. (Before starting this one, you might warm up first as follows: steadying yourself with one





arm, as above, and keeping right leg straight, place left foot on right knee. Swing knee gently back and forth, like a gate. Point is to open up thigh muscles, get them ready for the big stretch. Alternate legs.)

Back stretch: Stand straight back against the wall, heels about five inches away from the wall. Bend forward (B1), dropping the head and arms down with knees flexed. Letting the arms hang, slowly straighten the knees (B2) and simultaneously raise head and shoulders until your back is flat and at a right angle to your legs. (Brace hands on shins or knees if you have trouble flattening your back.) At the same time, pull your stomach in tight tight tight, and stretch the chin forward as far as possible (B3). Hold. Then return—slowly—to starting position. After repeating this movement, slowly straighten the spine against the wall—uncurling vertebra by vertebra—and stretch arms overhead.

Midriff and abdomen stretch: Start with this one; it's a good general stretch head to toe. Lie on your back, arms stretched overhead. Elongate yourself as much as possible, pressing the small of the back flat against the floor. Slowly raise the right leg (C1), keeping it stretched out straight, perpendicular to the body (C2). Hold it steady and sit up (C3), grasping the leg with both hands. Start at the knee and "climb" hand over hand as far as you can manage; the foot's the aim. Releasing leg, let your back down—slowly, slowly—lowering the leg at the same time—and just as slowly. Repeat with left leg. (You can increase the effectiveness of this exercise by alternately pointing and un-pointing the toes as the leg moves.)

Throat and chin stretch, right: Lie back on your bed—Veruschka uses a log here—with your shoulders at the extreme edge of the mattress, and hang your head back over the edge as far as you can. Slowly raise head up until you can see your toes. Don't scrunch your chin onto your chest, but keep the throat stretched and the head as far from the shoulders as possible. Hold. Then slowly drop head back. Try this, too, with the head turned first to the left and then to the right sides, straightening forward as you lift the head up.



FRANCO RUBARTELLI



DREAMY-THE SHORTEST NIGHTS OF THE YEAR

Greet-the-morning green, right: a stream of crêpe rippling from a ring on one shoulder over a matching bikini pantie. By Van Raalte, in crêpe of Du Pont nylon. $15. At Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; Marshall Field; J. W. Robinson.
Photographed at the foot of the wild green cliffs of Paraíso facing the sea.
Short and sweet, above left, a dreamy little nightdress in clear pink batiste with white lace on the high tucked bodice. By Barbizon, of Dacron, Du Pont nylon, and cotton (Registered fabric). In junior sizes. $8. At Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; The Broadway.
Giant gingham checks, below left, on the tiniest nightdress—pink-and-white crêpe with shoestring straps and a ruffle at the hem. By Kayser, of Dacron crêpe (Klopman fabric). $8. Junior sizes. At Best & Co.; Julius Garfinckel.
The dreamlike setting here: Santo Domingo's cave of the Three Eyes—three large freshwater springs in a sunlit underground.
Both pages: Tovar-Tresses Dynel hairpieces.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI







opposite: plunged to a deep V and fastened, open on to the knee-high hem that [illegible] in the ground in back. The nightdress, with its own matching red bikini pantie, by Arthur Williams for Siren, of polyester chiffon. About $20. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin.

Transparent layers of pink silk chiffon, this page, floating over the body and closed at the throat with three pink [illegible]. By Perfect Negligee. About $185. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. Reid-Meredith Dynel hairpieces. Both pages photographed along the flower-flanked road north of Santo Domingo. . . . The flowery fragrance in the air, Elizabeth Arden's celebrated Mémoire Chérie, happiest when happening all day, all night, all over—with a dewy smoothing of Moisture Bath cream and sprays of Perfume Mist . . . mmmemorable

DREAMY—THE VIVID TRANSPARENCIES

DREAMY—IN LACE, IN RUFFLES

Long on lace, left: the transparent nightshirt floating in white nylon lace—collared, tabbed, banded, and sashed in white satin. Christian Dior. $30. At Best & Co.; Higbee; Montaldo's; Foley's. We added the satin sash. Dynel hairpieces by Reid-Meredith. Opened and ruffled, right, a nightdress like two long rays of sunshine in Swiss puckered cotton held at the waist by bright orange bows, and slashed open over matching yellow bandeau and bikini panties. Claire Haddad. $45. Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin.... Both nightdresses photographed under an arch of pink-flowered trees that border the road from Santo Domingo to La Vega.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



LES
NANAS
SUR LA
PLAGE

BOUNCY NEW
BEACH VERSIONS
OF *N*IKI DE
SAINT-PHALLE'S
FAMOUS
SCULPTURES

BERT STERN

Sprawling, cavorting over these pages: the happiest beach arrivals of 1968—Nanas that float. Niki de Saint-Phalle's fantasy sculptures of huge, exuberant, popover-shaped women, the famous Nanas (they, and she, were last reported in January 1 Vogue), now in inflatable vinyl, silk-screened in wildly vivid Day-Glo colours, and in three different sizes—teddy-bear to titanic. All are light as air, portable, floatable, takeable-to-the-beach, strewable-about-the-place, hugely enjoyable in a hundred ways. Which suits the beautiful Niki de Saint-Phalle—posed serenely among them here—just fine: she sees the Nanas as messengers of joy, wants the message spread....The buoyant, blow-up Nanas—$4, $10, and $16—from Elisabeth de Saint-Phalle, at Bloomingdale's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Sakowitz.



THE LIGHT IN THE MANOR

THE HON. MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR WITH HER DAUGHTER, STELLA, AT HATLEY PARK, GAMLINGAY, SANDY, BEDFORDSHIRE, IN ENGLAND

At Hatley Park, the Honourable Mrs. John Jacob Astor creates her own climate, casting on her English country house a special light. Vibrant and warm, Chiquita Astor combines calm *tendresse* with ebullient humour. Her luminous grey eyes and rich dark-blond hair are marks of an Argentine beauty. The daughter of a former Argentine Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, she grew up riding pampas ponies, has the raky, taut body of a rider, a swimmer, a skier.

All the Astors ride. The Honourable John Jacob Astor, a big racing man, keeps his stable of thoroughbred race horses at Hatley Park. On weekends, the house fills up with a great contrast of guests: friends of the young Astors, Michael and Stella, horsy people, writers, poets, Members of Parliament. Mrs. Astor can talk to anyone about anything in English, Spanish, and French. A non-stop traveller, she goes skiing at Gstaad, visits Spain, New York, her family in the Argentine. If the world is her garden, the secret garden of Chiquita Astor is Hatley Park. There she is the light in the manor.

At Hatley Park, the Hon. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, opposite, *in riding clothes from the French Camargue. Her daughter, Stella,* near left, *eighteen, an art student, with the sherry-haired look of a Pre-Raphaelite girl, in the drawing room. The garden façade of the manor house,* far left, *Georgian, rose-brick, built in 1708. In the entrance hall,* this page, top, *a play of pets: Mandy, a lurcher, with Jack Russell terriers.*

HENRY CLARKE

LIGHT IN THE MANOR

A joyous house, full of life and spirit, Hatley for Mrs. Astor is also a place for the pursuit of quiet pleasures. She likes to grow flowers, to paint. An easel might be set up in her lilac bedroom where she is shown, above, *doing needlework, wearing a scarlet Argentine poncho. In the greenhouse,* right, *Mrs. Astor with her hydrangeas and rare English roses. A Victorian cornstalk rack,* left, *in the entrance hall, a catchall for caps and riding hats. Miss Stella Astor,* opposite page, *in a romantic green-and-white dress, with one of her father's thoroughbred mares.*



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

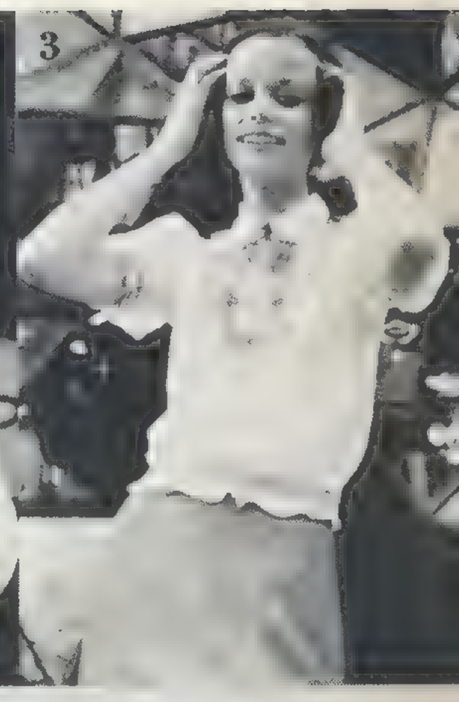
In London, Paris, Milan—a top story




1

The Russian peasant-y shirts —embroideries, Ninotchka's everywhere: in ***(1) Paris:*** Mocha crêpe, banded, belted, cuffed in écru lace. $30. Gudule, 72 rue Saint-André-des-Arts. . . . ***(2) Milan:*** White cotton banded with embroidered ribbons, $30. The hips cinched with a good clunk of chrome circles, $22. Gulp boutique, 14 di Via Santo Spirito.... ***(3) Paris:*** Imported from Hungary, delicate batiste shirts embroidered, smocked with green, red, floss, $16. Farenheit boutique, 109 blvd. St.-Germain.


2


3


4

5

6

7

(4) Paris: That's designer Philippe Guibourge casting an eye at his ***Byronesque-y sleeved shirt*** to the floor —violet silk organdie splashed with spring flowers. $150. Miss Dior boutique, 11 bis rue François Ier. . . . ***(5) London:*** Worn by one of London's most ravishing young beauties, Lady Victoria Yorke—the Byronesque-y sleeved shirt in violet silk satin Paisley, $32. Deborah & Clare, 29 Beauchamp Place.... ***(6) Paris: The velvet vest.*** so encrusted, festooned with gold braid it stands by itself. Big fashion business. This one, $60 at Bus Stop boutique, 117 blvd. St.-Germain. . . . ***(7) London: The Diaghilev-y smock shirt*** all flou and flow of creamy sateen. Worn by Martha Laycock, it's the top half of a pyjama by Ossie Clark for Quorum, 52 Radnor Walk, $20 to order. David Milnaric is wearing the kind of jacket men and girls haunt the Portobello Road attic boutiques looking for—a matador's gold-gallooned velvet. . . .

←***Paris: The sheer sweater.*** Taut, firm as a second skin, the sweater that's meant to be worn next to it, the breasts beautifully there. Black with silver Lurex, $40. Laura boutique, 109 avenue du Général-Leclerc. . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS: OPPOSITE; 1, 3, 4, 6, EWA RUDLING DUTHUIT; 2. LEOMBRUNO-BODI; 5, 7, PATRICK LICHFIELD

More on next page

Paris: The luxe-y boutiques



EWA RUDLING DUTHUIT



Givenchy (right), his new boutique has *everything* Givenchy stands for—taste, the highest standards, superb fashion all at reasonable-ish prices. His polka-dot embroidered organdie, fluted and bared at the midriff, $320. 66 avenue Victor Hugo. . . .

Ungaro (left). Here's Emanuel himself with Mlle. Marie Laforêt in the beginning bones of his new boutique where all promises to be typically Ungaro—fresh, invigorating, seductive fashion. Ungaro boutique, 2 avenue Montaigne (dress, also at Ungaro's boutique, Bonwit Teller, N. Y.).





Saint Laurent (above): his usual witty touch—the bright-coloured Spanish combs he tucks in his mannequin's coifs. About $3. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche boutique, 21 rue de Tournon. (Combs in N. Y. at Henri Bendel.)



Venet (left): the beautiful coats that Venet is such a master of—one weight of fabric, beautifully shaped and made—now in his new boutique at such good prices—like this navy-blue belted in white. About $250. Venet Boutique, 32 avenue George V. . . .

Cardin (far left): the fixtures he designed for his Left Bank boutique are just as interesting as the clothes. Here with a bottle-green practically walk-and-talk clothes rack—Cardin's vendeuse extraordinaire, Betty Catroux, in Cardin's orange wool jumper. $140. 185 blvd. St.-Germain. . . .

Dalí

(Continued from page 83)

project of flooding the Café de la Paix with plaster to create a super-Chagall environment, as they say today.

The next day I told this idea to Picasso, and he was impressed in his turn: he then told this to Brassai: "Dalí eats up the miles. His imagination affects me like an outboard motor continually running.

"Dalí was obsessed with the idea of monstrous castings of that time; of that instantaneous end of all life because of a cataclysm. He talked to me about a mould of the Place de l'Opéra, with the Opéra, the Café de la Paix, the chic prostitutes, the automobiles, the pedestrians, the cops, the newsstands, the flower stalls, the streetlights, the big clock still marking the time. Imagine that in plaster or bronze, life-size. What a nightmare! For myself, if I could do such a thing, I would rather do Saint-Germain-des-Prés with the Café de Flore, the Brasserie Lipp, the Deux Magots, Jean-Paul Sartre, the waiters Jean and Pascal, Monsieur Boubal, the cat, and the blond cashier. What a marvellous, monstrous casting that would make!"

Desnos was even more taken than Picasso and asked me how I happened suddenly to have this vision. So I explained my paranoiac-critical method, which can be defined as follows: The paranoiac-critical method is a way of spontaneously knowing the irrational basis of paranoiac interpretation of delirious phenomena in order to make triumphant the obsessive idea—immortality. A dream fades out and, when one wakens, produces nothing; with my method I solidify dreams. In the subconscious of Dalí the salt cellar became mistaken for a sugar bowl. This was to give homage to Ledoux, the architect of Louis XVI, creator of the famous salt cellars and the spherical mausoleum, the equivalents of incorruptibility. I say, "Bravo!" because I grasp the good augury. The people milling about are like maggots. I wish to impose the symbol of my coffee with milk, so that the Café would truly become that of Peace, a mausoleum for all would become incorruptible. Because this monstrous plaster cast ought to be carved in marble, onyx, porphyry. The cherry which came out of the sugar is like a prophetic realization of Ledoux, a dome of Buckminster Fuller made to emerge and triumph as the obsessional idea—immortality.

This necessity of delirious immortalization, of giving the world of concrete irrationality the same solidity, the same weight, the same hyper-evidence of the objective reality that surrounds us, culminated in the creation of the first "surrealist objects with symbolic function" defined by Alberto Giacometti and Salvador Dalí; objects which proliferated rapidly. The majority of these, such as "Breasts with Flour and Chocolate," created by Gala, the Muse of the Surrealists, disappeared because of the perishable material, often edible, of these ephemeral objects, or their awkward dimensions, including environment like the famous "Rainy Taxi," the interior of which had to be constantly furnished with three hundred Bourgogne snails, all alive. Toward the end of the exhibition, many of these died because of the poison given off by the rotting cushions, which created a state of putrefied emergency.

Now at The Museum of Modern Art in New York in the exhibition "Dada, Surrealism and Their Heritage," the "Rainy Taxi" was to be painstakingly recreated in its smallest details, including the delivery of authentic Bourgogne snails. It is these objects or paintings, minutely descriptive and hyper-objective, that remain in the memory when in closing the eyes one tries to visualize this movement.

It must be noted that there are many people who do not know that the rocky and delirious formations of Cape Creus of Cadaqués in Spain were not only known by Gaudi, Picasso, Derain, Lorca, but also that Cadaqués had the honour of being the residence of many of the official members of the Surrealist group, beginning with Marcel Duchamp, André Breton, Paul Eluard, René Char, René Magritte, Max Ernst, Man Ray, and Luis Buñuel, and by Dalí who has lived there since his most tender infancy.

Closing one's eyes again and looking retrospectively at what remains from the point of view of images possessing the greatest number of "bits of information," that is to say, those which persist and will always persist in memory. Derived from the unique soft and sublime cathedral of the genius Gaudi, the soft watches, soft pianos, soft night tables, soft cellos, and all the soft objects inherited by the great specialists of the soft, Hondelberg—also the soft dermo-skeleton of Madame Récamier of René Magritte—the formless hordes of Max Ernst attained their monumental and convulsive paroxysm in the dripping technique of Pollock, the apotheosis of the formless. Certainly Magritte, Dalí, and Chirico ought to have been copied by the marvellous technique of Meissonier, as I announced in that historic letter to André Breton printed in the 1933 catalogue of my exhibition at the Pierre Colle Gallery in Paris:

"The exhibition of my paintings coincides with the obsessive study of the phenomenon that is so fine, substantial, and phenomenal that it constitutes for me, at this moment, the aspect of Ludwig II of Bavaria, the aspect of concrete irrationality, the aspect of modern-style paranoia, the heroic aspect, the aspect of solitary hugeness, the paralyzing aspect of déjà vu, déjà connu, and also the grandiosely deceiving aspect of the work of art always void and lamentable, and a thousand times miserable beside the life and the concrete thought of men, the discouraging, damaging, and ruinous aspect of the most impoverished of systematic tics, the 'illusionist' aspect, the trompe-l'oeil aspect, the instantaneous photograph aspect developed after fourteen years, the photographic brain aspect, the aspect of instantaneous photograph by hand, that is to say, instantaneous photograph submitted to the most false psychic automatism, the instantaneous photograph aspect of desperate flight of frail minimal

(Continued on page 141)





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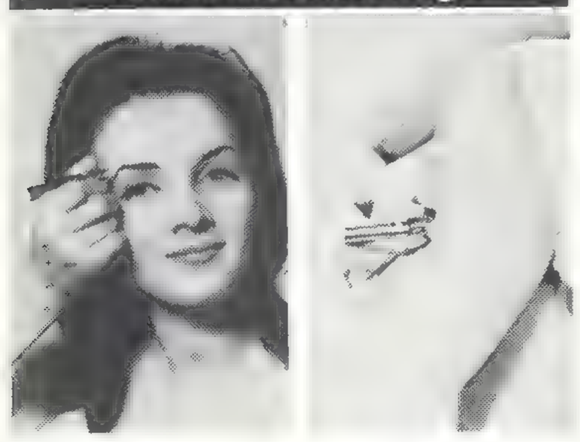
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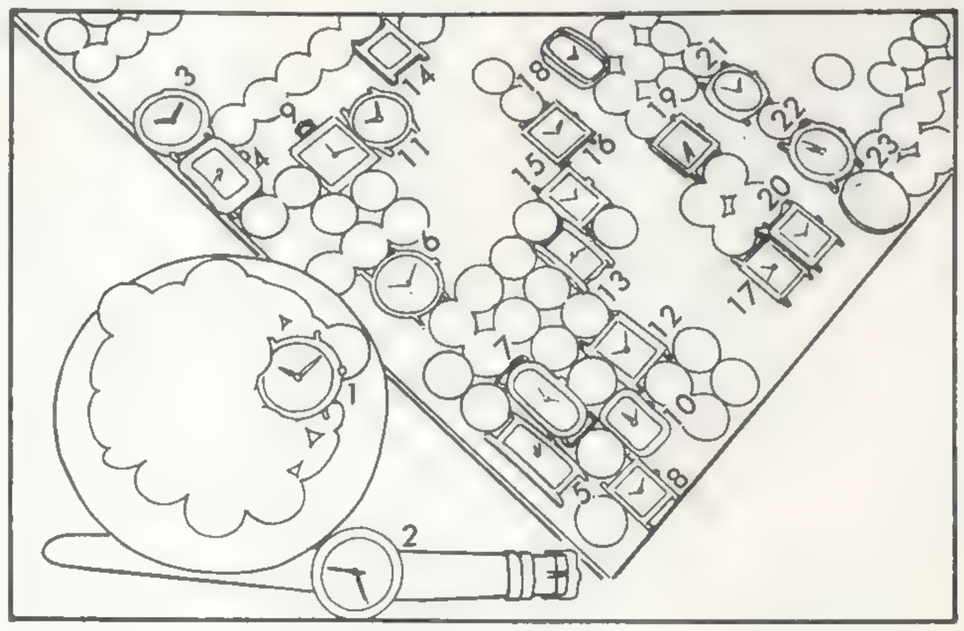
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Time to get ready, set . . . and go

Details of the new faces to watch shown on page 90.
All have Swiss movements.



1. Huge thin, white-faced watch circled in gold. Piaget, 18-k. gold, $890. Van Cleef & Arpels.
2. Roman numerals marking time on a gold rim around a clear bronzed face. 17 jewels, 18-k. gold. Rolex. $260. Tiffany.
3. Diamonds sparkle at 12, again at 3, 6, and 9 on a large circular watch, finished in gold. Mido. $225. At Trabert & Hoeffer.
4. Oblong watch thickly framed in a sterling silver rectangle, rounded at the corners. Obrey. $110. At Bloomingdale's.
5. Stretched-out rectangle, curved to the wrist—golden dial, gold frame, Roman numerals on the hour. 18-k. gold watch by Bueche Girod. $350. At Cartier.
6. A large round of bright-blue lapis enamel; gold hands point to Roman numerals on a gold rim. Lucien Piccard. $250. At Marchal Jewelers.
7. Big-time numbers on a big ovalled rectangle, held in gold-plated brass. 17 jewels. Obrey. $65. At Bloomingdale's.
8. In a square gold case, a sapphire cabochon crown blazes with a golden dial. Corum. $350. At Cartier.
9. The pocket watch—a 14-k. gold rectangle by Concord. $165. At Tiffany.
10. A rounded rectangle—thick gold edges a Roman-numbered face. Baume & Mercier. $225. At Bergdorf Goodman.
11. Chinese characters mark time on a round white dial. 18-k. gold watch by Cartier. $185.
12. Black Roman numerals on a white face—the squared rectangle, on time, on target. Patek Philippe. $1,000. D. Gumbiner.
13. A square watch set in a rounded gold-filled frame. By Longines. About $80. Tourneau.
14. 18-k. gold, thick and fluted, squared around a white dial. Omega. $500. At Altman's.
15. Time for Roman numerals on a rectangle of 14-k. gold. Baume & Mercier. $135. Bergdorf Goodman.
16. Going with the GO board squares—a squared watch of 18-k. gold, faced in white. Movado, $185. At Saks Fifth Avenue.
17. The shape of the moment—a rectangular watch of 18-k. gold. Gruen. $600. Trabert & Hoeffer.
18. The ovalled rectangle playing for time in 18-k. gold. 17 jewels. Universal Genève. $275. At Tiffany.
19. The thinnest square of lapis lazuli, midnight-blue, jewel-bright, set in 18-k. gold. By Piaget. $1,290. At Van Cleef & Arpels.
20. The shape to watch—the rectangle—here in 14-k. gold with black Roman numerals. Hamilton. $160. William Barthman.
21. Watch a winning square—Juvenia's in 18-k. gold. $225. At Tourneau.
22. A round of stainless steel—black Roman numerals score on white. Gyromatic movement, 17 jewels. Girard Perregaux. $85. At Tiffany.
23. The solid gold watch—a $20 gold piece coined to keep time. Glycine. $750. Lambert Bros.

Time to ring in the new

Details of the watches shown on pages 92 and 93.

Page 93, starting at twelve o'clock high: A golden circle by Endura*. $25. Bloomingdale's. . . . Second, a rectangular watch from Pedre*, held by gilt ovals. $35. Bergdorf Goodman. . . . At three o'clock: a pink-faced octagon, elaborately numbered. Old England*. $16. Bloomingdale's. . . . In a shiny round collar of black enamel—bold black numerals on white, seconded by 60 tiny numbers. Lafayette*. $25. Altman's. . . . At six o'clock: a golden frame cuts corners around a large white face with four Roman numerals. Schiaparelli*. $22. Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . Square of bright orange, next, ticked off in yellow and held by golden loops. Sheffield*. $21. Best & Co. . . . A black and white oblong timed in Arabic. Old England*. $16. Altman's. . . . Last time, open golden rectangles bracketing a rectangular watch from Vendôme. $25. Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 92, three ring-watches from Sheffield; from top to bottom: golden time on a black square. About $17. . . . Silvery-ringed oval of navy blue, numbered in white. About $25. . . . Third, a round of lime sliced by four Roman numerals. About $19. All three at Best & Co.; Sakowitz; J. W. Robinson.

*Swiss movement

Dalí

(Continued from page 139)

ideas, the tiny edible photo aspect, the tiny edible photo aspect of the end of a painter like Meissonier, who suddenly has just salvaged in my life, in my reflections, in my preferences, the most flagrant and thirsting reality; a reality uniquely comparable, I swear to you, to that of the most delicate tiny and desirable thirst that was caused in me a few days ago by the representation of a certain table—half in stone, half in poached egg—destined to be hung up at the summit and between the trembling leaves of a couple of poplars that I gazed on last week in the forest of Ermenonville. The table in question was destined to cool slowly in the breeze of the end of the afternoon, for the half that was of poached egg ought to be almost boiling at the moment of the hanging.

"While it cooled, I would go down, very excited and moved, the staircase that leads to the damp cellars of the mill, in which the delicate coolness is determined, as is only natural, by this table half of poached egg, that, as soon as it is known and heard, rests up above cooling itself in spite of the gentle warmth of the last rays of the sun that light up, just at the moment that I finished descending into the cellar, only the highest twigs and the most trembling leaves of the poplars, where, as we have so often said, rests, hung up, in the process of cooling itself slowly, the well-known and desirable table, half in stone, half in poached egg.

"But my solitude becomes immense and incurable at the instant when, arriving voluptuously thirsty in the cellar, I suddenly think, with my heart thumping, of Napoleon at the head of his army, in the countryside of Russia, the horses with all their controlling straps in the snow of tiny pure thirst that covers the landscape that Meissonier painted in the well-known and immortal painting and with that delicacy of academic technique which was appropriate for him and which seemed to me at that moment to be the most complicated means, and the most intelligent and extra-pictorial to use for my next ecstasies of irrational exactitude, to which Surrealism seems to me to be destined immediately."

Miró and Arp tried to recover the plastic form that topical painting had voluntarily neglected. Parallelly I cried out for pure form based on the Gestalt theory, which is also the inheritance of mini- or maximal art, when, in my manifesto, I cried, "Form!"

SHAPE FIGURE CONFIGURATION CONFORMATION FIGURATION ARRANGEMENT DISPOSITION PROPORTION STRUCTURE DESIGN OUTLINE ASPECT APPEARANCE OUTSIDE EXTERIOR CONTOUR CIRCUMFERENCE MODEL FASHION SIZE TURN JIB LINE PROFILE MOULD PATTERN RELIEF INTAGLIO CAMEO LOW RELIEF BAS-RELIEF HALF RELIEF HIGH RELIEF METAMORPHOSIS ANAMORPHOSIS TRANSFIGURATION TRANSFORMATION ALTERATION MODELLING CONCAVE MODELLING BENDING CARVING CHISELLING CURVING HEWING TO HAVE FORM TO PRESENT FORM TO HALVE TO MATCH TO SHAPE TO FORM TO DESIGN TO DRAW TO MODEL TO REPRESENT TO CONFORM TO DISPOSE TO HARMONIZE TO ARRANGE TO BUILD TO CONSTRUCT TO FASHION TO TRANSFORM TO METAMORPHOSE TO DEFORM TO DISFIGURE TO BE DELINEATED TO BE OUTLINED TO STAND OUT TO CHISEL TO CARVE TO TWIST TO ROUND TO SWELL TO DEFLATE TO EMBOSS TO GOUGE TO CHASE TO DEPRESS TO CARUNCULATE TO TUMEFY SOFT MALLEABLE PLASTIC FORMLESS UNIFORM AMORPHOUS ISOMORPHOUS POLYMORPHOUS MULTIFORM DEFORMED MISSHAPEN IRREGULAR MALFORMED CRUDE UNFASHIONED UNHEWN UNSHAPELY SWOLLEN ROUNDED HOLLOW BOSSED CONCAVE CONVEX GLOBULAR ROUND SPHERICAL HEMISPHERICAL SPHEROIDAL URCEOLATE OVOID AMYGDALOID ANULAR CONCHOID ORBICULATE RHOMBOID CUBIC PRISMATIC PRYAMIDAL POLYHEDRAL CONIC CYLINDRICAL TUBULAR COLUMNAR VERMIFORM CONGRUOUS HARMONIOUS INCONGRUENT DISSIDENT ELEGANT CONFORMABLE SYMMETRICAL PROPORTIONATE FELICITOUS CIRCULAR CURVED CURVATE LOBIFORM OVAL ELLIPTICAL ELIPSOID CONCAVE CONVEX BICONCAVE BICONVEX ARCHED ARCIFORM OBLONG ROSTRATE NAVICULAR PISCIFORM RENIFORM ADUNCATE CROSSED PARABOLIC HYPERBOLIC ANGULAR SIGMOIDAL TRIANGULAR SQUARE QUADRANGULAR QUADRILATERAL RECTANGULAR PENTAGONAL HEXAGONAL OCTAGONAL TRAPEZOIDAL POLYGONAL STRAIGHT ABORESCENT POLYMORPHOUS CUNEIFORM SOFTNESS MALLEABILITY PLASTICITY DEFORMITY IRREGULARITY TURGIDNESS SWELLING CARVING EMBOSSING TUMEFACTION TURGESCENCE ROUNDNESS ROTUNDITY SPHERICITY HEAVINESS CONFORMITY REGULARITY HARMONY ELEGANCE SYMMETRY PROPORTION CIRCLE CURVE DISC ORBIT ORB AMPHITHEATRE OVAL ELLIPSE CONCAVITY CONVEXITY ARCH QUINCUNX PARABOLA HYPERBOLA ANGLE TRIANGLE QUADRANGLE PARALLELOGRAM SQUARE RECTANGLE LOZENGE TRAPEZIUM POLYGON PENTAGON HEXAGON OCTAGON DECAGON.

This gives place to the most *pompier* of all Op Art which, addressing itself to the physiology of the retina, strikes all eyes with the same efficacy, including those of the *pompiers,* and consequently opens the way to cybernetics, electronic devices, and teamwork more and more anonymous. But according to the Dalinian slogan "Chez Dupont tout est bon," all the marvellous tragedy of Surrealism, even in its most romantic experiences, if it ever had an authentic existence, is only the precursor of a coming classicism where all the experiences of the great Surrealist revolution will be integrated in order to attain their proper degree of historic legitimacy.

Modern art, the last result of the French Revolution, stands for the triumph of the bourgeoisie. "A good picture is like being seated in a good chair," said Henri Matisse. Dada was the first intellectual revolt against this bourgeoisie. The attitude of Duchamp was entirely aristocratic. The Surrealist archtype is the architect of Louis XVI, Claude-Nicolas Ledoux. Rosenquist, the American surrealist sociologist, is the heir of Surrealism without Ledoux.



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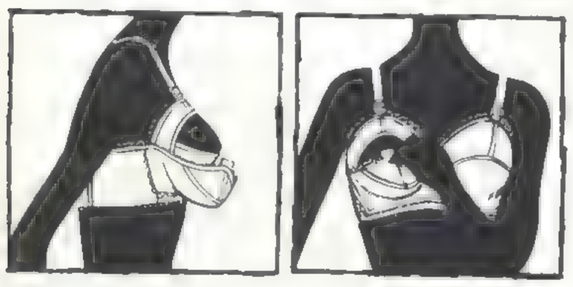
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Next on Earth

(Continued from page 86)

It is clear that a mobile, planet-wide culture demands a cheap, instantaneous, and universal system of communications. This is already on the horizon, and it is impossible to underestimate the impact it may have upon business, culture, and indeed every aspect of human life. The changes wrought by the telephone during the last ninety years may be negligible in comparison. For the telephone is an inflexible instrument, bound to fixed points by tendrils of wire, and capable of handling only one type of very slow-speed message—the spoken word. Compared to some of the devices now available, it is barely one step ahead of Indian smoke signals.

Without going into details, let us list just a few of the services which will be available by 2001, not in the office or factory, but in *every home:*

Direct TV reception, via satellite, from all major countries and political groups.

Cheap telephone calls between all locations and even *moving individuals* everywhere on earth. They will be billed at a flat rate, or possibly not billed at all, if the equipment is hired.

On a slightly more expensive basis, worldwide face-to-face TV conversations.

The orbital post office, and the orbital newspaper, beaming down signals from space.

Immediate access in the home, via simple computer-type keyboards and TV displays, to all the world's great libraries and information centres.

A computer to supervise and perhaps control all the normal household chores—hygienic, secretarial, culinary. A kind of benevolent central intelligence, it would combine most of the duties of butler, accountant, and social secretary. It would probably be called Jeeves.

This will do for a beginning, but it will already be obvious that, with such electronic aids, a great many of today's social patterns will be changed out of recognition. (Remember what home life was like in the pre-television era? The pre-*radio* era?) One of man's oldest inventions will be rendered obsolete. The city will begin to die.

The city is probably dying already, though of other causes. When men everywhere can meet at a touch of a button, far more cheaply and conveniently than finding a cab in a Manhattan rainstorm, they will choose the easier way of life.

Small cities or large towns may still be necessary for the conduct of industrial processes; and doubtless the traditions of such university towns as Oxford or Ann Arbor will continue even in the age of teaching machines and TV lectures. But the vast conurbations that have blighted so much of the world for two centuries or more will slowly fade away. *Very* slowly, because bricks and mortar and steel and concrete have enormous inertia and represent such a vast capital expenditure. I have little doubt that there will be even larger cities in the year 2001 than there are today, but they will be like the dinosaurs in the last age of their giantism.

Unless . . . there is always a possibility that the population explosion can not be controlled, and in that case the whole world will become one seething city. But this will not last for long; though medical science may keep that old regulator, the Black Death, at bay, nature will somehow redress the balance. There are plagues of the mind worse than those of the body, and the meaningless violence that has already shattered many communities could be a mild foretaste of a psychologically overcrowded future.

There is no doubt that, with proper organization, our planet could support a population of many billions at a much higher standard of living than today. But should it? In a world of instantaneous communication and swift transport, where all men are virtually neighbours, is there any point in a population of more than a few millions?

The answer to this question depends upon one's philosophical and religious views concerning the purpose of life. Fred Hoyle, for example, once suggested to me that the optimum population of the world should be about one hundred thousand

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—as that was the maximum number of people one could get to know in a lifetime. And it is worth remembering that Plato thought the ideal city should contain only about five thousand "free men."

However, Plato's city also contained a much larger number of slaves; his so-called democracy could not have functioned without them. Nor can the world of the future, especially if its population is ultimately stabilized at a fraction of today's figure. The big difference is that these "slaves" will not be human.

Most "slaves," of course, will be robots at all levels of sophistication from naïve automatic washing machines to the ultra-intelligent home computer already mentioned. The great majority will be fixed, though their sense organs and manipulators will be distributed over a wide area—like today's central heating systems, which may have thermostats all over the house. Some will be mobile, doing cleaning jobs and looking after the garden, but for this sort of task, there is a non-chemical solution which offers not only economic advantages but an emotional bonus.

Why go to the trouble of building extremely complex mobile robots when nature has already done 99 per cent of the job for us? During the last decade, the ultimate secrets of the living world have been revealed; the mechanisms of the cell and of heredity have been uncovered. The next great breakthrough in technology will be *biological engineering*—the design of organic, though not necessarily living, systems to carry out any task.

Animals, of course, have long been used by men as extensions of their personalities or their bodies. The sheep dog, the working elephant, and, more recently, the guide dog for the blind are quite remarkable examples of what can be done with already existing animals and primitive training techniques. If we tried, in a few decades we could develop a creature based on the chimpanzee but with a tenfold improvement in intelligence, motivation, vocabulary—and disposition. Such a domesticated ape *(Pan sapiens?)* might be produced by a combination of genetic selection and biological engineering; when it comes on to the labour market, the servant shortage will be over.

You may well object at this point—if not a good deal earlier—that the main result of all these developments will be to eliminate almost all human activity, and to leave our descendants faced with a future of utter boredom, where the main problem in life is deciding which of the several hundred TV channels to select. This is perfectly true—*if* we look at humanity as it is constituted today.

H. G. Wells once said that future history would be a race between education and catastrophe. I doubt if even that great prophet realized the educational standards that would ultimately have to be attained, to cope with the problem of universal leisure. For while, ironically enough, one of the slogans of today's politicians is "full employment," what we are heading for is the reverse: full *un*employment.

Just as there is no function today for manual labourers, and there will be none tomorrow for those of only clerical and executive skills—so the day after tomorrow society will have no place for anyone as ignorant as the average mid-twentieth-century college graduate.

If it seems an impossible goal to bring the whole population of the planet up to super-university levels, remember that a century ago it would have seemed equally unthinkable that everybody would be able to read. Today we have to set our sights much higher, and it is not unrealistic to do so. The development of teaching machines, current investigations into the way in which the brain stores information, experiments with the so-called consciousness-expanding drugs—these hint at the new and revolutionary weapons in the war against ignorance.

It has been said that the greatest single industry of the future will be education. This may well be true, because for every man education should be a process which continues all his life. We have to abandon, as swiftly as possible, the idea that

(Continued on page 144)

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Cellulite

(Continued from page 111)

our American M.D., it is a mistake to trifle with thiomucaze, a substance which is used for really ill people who require extra supplies of intravenous fluids—this is a specifically medical matter and should be left to the discretion of a first-rate doctor. Certainly it has no bearing on cellulite.

As we had also heard of women who massage cellulite spots with a "slimming gelée," we asked about that and were told briskly that "the molecules can not pass through the skin . . . it's a waste of time."

Other women set great store —and why not?—by allover scrubbing with a sturdy nail brush or even a common laundry brush during the course of a daily tub. Good loofahs will do the same job, and there's something inevitably dashing about the name.

What, we went on to ask, are the primary causes of cellulite? Is water retention, for example, one cause?

"It could be worsened by water retention because water can thicken the skin and give the impression of cellulite."

The definitive answer about causes provided a moment of truth we have faced before in the search for facts that shape the figure: "Heredity and overeating." What about diet? "That's the first step, always." What about spot-reducing? "Always constructive. Diet, massage, and exercise will certainly firm up tissues. And remember that—whatever the mystery is —swimmers have wonderfully smooth outlines because they achieve that even distribution of fat. . . . But don't underestimate heredity; you may see heavily fleshed thighs, for instance, go straight through three or more generations of women in one family."

What if terribly attractive men happen to marry marvellous-looking women? . . .

"They very often do—you quite often see truly beautiful families, and when they marry each other, they're apt to produce extremely beautiful children."

Next on Earth

(Continued from page 143)

schooling is something restricted to youth. How can it be, in a world where half the things a man knows at twenty are no longer true at forty, and half the things he knows at forty hadn't been discovered when he was twenty?

So perhaps the greatest change, at the turn of the millennium, will be in the mental attitudes of our descendants, rather than in the physical backgrounds of their lives. They will have developed a flexibility of mind, a capacity for organizing knowledge, and an active curiosity about the universe, which will make them seem almost a new species. Anyone who has had the stimulating—and chastening—experience of meeting a *really* educated man will know exactly what I mean.

In the race against catastrophe, of which H. G. Wells warned us, the last lap has already begun. If we lose it, the world of 2001 will be much like ours, with its problems and evils and vices enlarged, perhaps beyond endurance.

But if we win, 2001 could mark the great divide between barbarism and real civilization. It is inspiring to realize that, with luck and hard work, we have a chance of living to see the final end of the Dark Ages.

Space glossary

(Continued from page 87)

and repair work generally.

POD BAY *Hangar or service area of space vehicle, where the pod craft are housed.*

READOUT *Screen or hard copy results of a calculation or processed information.*

RED SUN *A sun that has passed the violent incandescence of its early stages and is beginning the initial stages of its almost immortal maturity.*

SOLAR FLARE *An eruption of gases from the surface of a star,* e.g., *the sun, accompanied by particle radiation.*

SPACE STATION *Orbital Space Terminal (for changing vehicles during space flights).*

WHITE DWARF *Small, extremely dense star.*



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